

**THE NEW
AMPHION**

Published by
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Movit Amphion lapides canendo

THE NEW AMPHION

7.872
Being the Book of
the Edinburgh University
Union Fancy Fair, in which
are contained fundry artiftick, in-
structive, and diverting matters, all
now made publick for the first time.



17 EDINBURGH
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Her Majesty the Queen. 1886.



The Preface

to the Kindly Reader
describing the oc-
casion of this Book.

THREE years ago, the Students of Edinburgh resolved to establish a *Union*.

Their aim was to create for themselves a College life such as the Students
of

*The re-
solve of
the
Students.*

*Their
aim.*

To the Reader.

of other countries have always valued as the most precious among academic traditions, and to restore to the great University of Edinburgh something of the common fellowship which was shared by the Students of 300 years ago under the roof of the old Town's College. But the buildings of the new University, unlike those of the old College, have no place for aught but lecture-rooms and laboratories; and so the first step

step was to build a Students' House.

The *Tercentenary Festival* in 1884 was an auspicious moment for putting forth an effort to compass this desire; and, accordingly, the newly constituted Students' Representative Council appealed to the friends of the University for help. Their response was loyal. A Committee was formed, with the Chancellor at its head, to aid the Students. For two years this Committee

*An occasion
offereth;*

*and is
taken.*

*Of two
sad losses.*

mittee has laboured ; but during that time it has lost the help of two to whom the Union will owe much—an illustrious and beloved *Principal*, and a *Lord Provost* of the City who excelled even the traditions of his office in devotion to the College and the interests of its Students.

*Much re-
maineth
unaccom-
plished.*

Much still remained to be done when the *Fancy Fair*, which is the occasion of this book, was undertaken. The Committee
had

To the Reader.

had done little more than clear the foundations; and they fighed for a new *AMPHION* fuch as he who raifed the walls of Thebes by the mufic of his lyre. Following a claffic precedent, they have turned for help to the *ladies of Scotland*. And juft as the ancient Athenians, in time of ftrefs, were helped by their women to build the city walls, fo the Students of Edinburgh will be beholden for their
Union

*To the
fair ladies
for aid.*

*Some poor
words of
gratitude.*

Union to the labour of
countless fair hands which
placed stone on stone.

To those who so gener-
ously have sent gifts of
story and of song, as well
as to the artists who have
given of their handiwork,
we tender now the thanks
of future members of the
Union.

ROBT. FITZROY BELL,
JAMES AVON CLYDE,

*Joint Honorary Secretaries of the
Edinburgh University Union Committee.*

EDINBURGH,
ST. ANDREW'S DAY,
1886.

The





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DAISIES & GRASS BE MY HEART'S BEDFELLOWS
ON THE MOUND: WITH SPARES & SUNSHINE MELLOWS



SPRING SONG.

DANCE, yellows and whites and reds!
Lead your gay orgy,—leaves,
stalks, heads,
Aftir with the wind in the tulip-beds!

There's funshine : scarcely a wind at all
Disturbs starved grafs and daifies small
On a certain mound by a churchyard
wall.

Daifies and grafs be my heart's bed-
fellows
On the mound wind spares and funshine
mellows—
Dance you, reds and whites and yellows!

ROBERT BROWNING.



MAY-SONG.

COME, dearest, 'tis sin to be mourning
to-day,

In the feast of the Spring and the lusty
May.

The hour of sharp sorrow a faithful
heart shareth,

But joy is the every-day face that life
weareth ;

Give a tear to the past, but deny it the
power

To drag like a chain on the march of
the hour ;

Let thy heart beat with pulse of glad
welcome to-day

In the feast of the Spring and the lusty
May.

Come,

Come, drink the fresh breezes ; no more
you will find
The blustering north, and the biting
east wind.
The land is green, and the hedge is
sprouting,
The merry angler is gone a-trouting.
Come, brush the brown brae, come track
the bright stream,
Wash sorrow away in the sun's blithe
beam,
Nor let thy leal heart be a traitor to-day
In the feast of the Spring and the lusty
May !

The loch is full, and the river is strong,
The burnie comes merrily trotting
along ;
With cowslip and primrose the bank is
blooming,
The growth of the forest the breeze is
perfuming ;

The

The far blue hills wear patches of snow,
Where the star-eyed flowret peeps up
from below ;

The birds are lilting their light love-lay
For the feast of the Spring and the lusty
May !

I'll weave thee a wreath of anemone
white,

The type of thy beauty, so graceful and
light,

The type of the virtues I prize from thy
teaching,

To glow without glare, and persuade
without preaching,

I'll show thee the buds from the low
wood burst.

And tell how these taught me to love
thee first ;

For life is reborn and exultant to-day,
And sadness is sin in the feast of the May !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Xalpete πάντοτε.—PAULUS.





THE DOG:

I MEANT to call this paper 'Other men's Dogs,' by way of saving a shred of my own character, and pretending that I merely hate *le chien d'autrui*. But truth is too strong for me, and I frankly admit that I detest the whole race of hounds, *odora canum vis*, as the Roman poet very justly styles them. In this matter I am with the Prophet whom the fanaticism of our fathers called Mahound—very inappropriately. The poor

The Author explaineth:

*the secret
of his lack
of toler-
ance.*

poor Indian may deem what he pleases about his 'equal sky,' but neither Skyes nor any other curs will be admitted into the Paradise of Mahomet. Perhaps I might be more tolerant of dogs if they were not in a conspiracy to destroy and blast my character. 'Distrust,' says Mr. Tupper, or Mr. Edwin Arnold, or some other Eastern sage, 'the man who is disliked by dogs.'

I am that man, and probably am therefore distrusted. I am not conscious to myself of a disposition more than usually treacherous; but it is a fact that dogs think they have found me out. They don't care for me. They don't wag their tails at me when I say, 'Poor old fellow, then!' as I am ashamed
to

to confess I sometimes do. They force me into a cringing conciliatory attitude—make *me* wag *my* tail as it were—to gain their goodwill, and then they don't give it me. There is no reciprocity here. Their behaviour naturally causes me to be regarded in society, which goes about with dogs much, as a suspicious customer. If dogs really are 'the best judges of character,' I tremble to think what *mine* must be. No one who is thus set at naught can be expected to be fond of the canine race. If 'Love me, love my dog' be a truthful proverb, then, like the Dutchman defended by the biographer of Mrs. Aphra Behn, I am incapable of the tender and gallant passion. I don't
love

*Of dogs
as judges
of the
character.*

love any lady's dog, and if, in the Euclid of the affections, 'he who is unequal to loving a dog, is unequal to loving its mistress,' I am an out-cast from the hearts of the best and fairest portions of our fallen race. Fortunately, they don't *all* like dogs.

I have not succumbed without a struggle to hatred of the dog.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,

and I once made an effort to love a dog, or at least to keep one. I thought it best and wisest to begin with a very little one, a toy terrier, black and tan. There was so little of him that I thought the prohibition against keeping dogs in college hardly applied. I
wore

*The author hath
striven to
overcome
his hatred;*



wore him as a kind of button-hole in the breast of my coat, his head peeping out, and I believe the Warden, who was short-sighted, thought he was a gardenia. He didn't smell at all like a rare exotic, however. Goodness knows that I struggled hard to love that dog, but love is like faith, and refuses to be forced. He was a nervous little brute (Gelert, I called him), and would not sleep anywhere except on my bed, being afraid, I believe, of ghosts. Finally I gave him away, and his end is 'wrop up' like the 'buths' of James Yellowplush, in a 'mistry.'

*but with
out suc-
cess.*

My later relations with dogs have been alien and hostile. They 'come between me and the

*His later
relations
to dogs.*

the skies,' like Oriana, or at least they interfere with my purest affections. My dearest friends, my nearest kindred, have been men and women who kept dogs, and who, therefore, have been estranged from me. Dogs are the tomb of affections :

I have had playmates, I have had companions ;

All have been the prey of dandies and fox-terriers—

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

*Anecdote
of the cele-
brated Sir
W. Scott.*

Take the example of one of the very best of men, Sir Walter Scott. Once he was expected to dine with a friend ; doubtless ' the oldest lamp was lit ' (though why age in a lamp should be a proof of excellence I can't imagine), doubtless the best

best wine was drawn, and many good men and fair women were expecting to enjoy the society of Sir Walter. He never arrived, but he sent a message to say that he had lost a friend by death, and could not come. The friend was a bull-terrier named Camp, and for this he disappointed mere human beings. The absurd but edifying part of the story is, that Scott has been praised for this conduct, which shows how deeply dogs have demoralised the human heart, and ruined all honourable instincts.

This is merely one illustration out of myriads. Who has not suffered thus? I take a walk with a friend,—a poet, philosopher, and sportsman, and we are deep in a discussion
about

about profody, or the Infinite, or Lohmanh's bowling, when suddenly he becomes inattentive and distraught. Then he stops, whistles, shouts, and displays all the symptoms of derangement. He has lost his dog! The brute, so famous for its fidelity, has deserted him, led away by love, or war, or the passion of the chase. As to the manifold and unspeakable annoyances caused by Aphrodite, when she sways the hearts of hounds, it were too painful to speak in detail. 'Happy is he who knows them not.' Dogs (like music) are the bane of conversation. Does any man like to see young ladies making an idol of a decrepit fox-terrier, and setting the brute on a pedestal too

too high, in my opinion, even for a baby?

The self-consciousness and vanity of dogs might disgust even a minor poet. I have known a collie—certainly a very handsome collie—pass his days in contemplating his own image in a glass. I know a Dandie which actually *makes eyes*, being conscious that he possesses these organs very large, brown, and decorative.

Who has not seen a dog morally corrupt a family?—reducing them to the slaves of his impulses. Tip wants to take a walk; Tip wants to go out of the door; then he wants to come in again; then he appears at the window and scratches; then he fancies the most comfortable arm-chair, and

*Touching
the vanity
of dogs.*

*Of their
malign in-
fluence on
the family.*

and ousts a jaded and middle-aged man of letters. I am acquainted with a dog so eager for excitement and display, that he roams from room to room, making every one open the door for him till he finds what he considers the best society in the house. Then he sits down on the fender, and uses the most shocking and abrupt language when any one treads on his toes, which, of course, frequently occurs. His yells resemble a railway steam whistle carried to the highest power. Of course he expects all the legs of grouse, and whatever else is going, and he whines and yelps till he gets what he wants. There is not one of the seven deadly sins of which
this

this dog is not habitually guilty, and I am unaware of a single redeeming feature in his repulsive character. Yet he is adored by the people he owns, with an affection which they do not bestow on one whom I consider eminently more deserving.

It will be said by the friends of the dog, that this picture is drawn in too gloomy colours. If I could, like Shelley, dip my pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse, I should consider these highly suitable vehicles for a study of the unclean animal. I shall be told that he has redeeming features; that he is 'faithful,' for example. Well, he knows when he is well off, but the 'fidelity' is

The author meeteth the charge of exaggeration.

The true character of the dog exposed.

is really all on the side of poor despised Man. It needs a great deal of fidelity in Man to cling as he does to the dog, licking, as it were, the paw (the muddy paw) which tramples him. Then he is 'brave.' Try a dog with a ghost, or anything which, in his degrading superstition he takes for a ghost and see him howl in an ecstasy of terror. Why, one has known dogs to *die* of a ghost which merely turned a man's hair white, or perhaps did not even affect him so much as that. They tell us of Gelert Llewellyn's hound, which was thought so much of for killing the serpent (it should be a serpent, but the corrupt myth says a wolf) instead of biting th



the baby. But, in the first place, the conduct of Llewellyn himself, who knew the brute, shows what he thought the dog capable of:

‘Hell-hound, by thee my child’s
devoured,’

The frantic father cried,
with very natural impatience,
and, as we know, he acted on
his first impulse. Now ‘first im-
pulses are generally good,’ and
I would be the last to blame
Llewellyn. But every one
should know that the whole
story, out of which so much
capital has been made for the
dog, is a Hindoo myth. It
was originally told beside the
shores of Indus, not about a
dog at all, but about a *Mongoose*.
Now Mongeese do kill fer-
pents—it is meat and drink to
them ;

them ; but I never heard of a dog that tackled cobras, even supposing cobras to flourish in Wales, which is absurd. The wolf is a more plausible interpretation. So much for Gelert. The other legendary animals, the St. Bernard dogs, and the dog of Montargis, I dismiss as fabulous.

No extenuating circumstances can be pleaded for dogs.

Any circumstances of a palliatory and extenuating character which affect the dog, would here be mentioned, if I could think of them. Ouida is fond of dogs, and Lord Byron preferred their virtues to those of his fellow-men. But was Lord Byron, my brethren, a judge of virtue? As to the conduct of dogs at night, when they bay the moon, and keep men and women

women awake, I could write several chapters of a comminatory character. But perhaps to have murdered sleep, like Macbeth, is one of the minor defects of the flattered, pampered, and overrated hound, whom so many persons worship with all the blind credulity of the Dog tribe of Indians.

ANDREW LANG.

A
CHRISTMAS
CAROL.

I.

It was the Christmas Eve ;
The homeless wind did grieve
Around the desolate moorland, blind
with snow ;
When at my wattle door—
Shelter how frail and poor !
I heard the sound of weeping—very low ;
And peering forth into the wild
And dreary night—lo ! on the threshold
stood a child.

II.

His tiny feet were bare,
The snow was in his hair,
The snow was on his fluttering raggedness.
‘Pity a little one
Out in the storm alone,’
He feebly murmured in his fore distress.
Within my arms I gathered him,
And bore with soothing words into my
chamber dim.

III.

And as I bore him in,
There came the silvery din
Of bells, far-chiming through the fitful
blore,
And from his pallid brow
A sweet light seemed to flow,
And from his tattered garment wintry
frore ;
While from his eyes a look there came
Of love, that thrilled like fire through
all my trembling frame.

IV.

IV.

I laid him on my bed,
And water brought and bread—
The last scant remnant of my hermit fare,—
Whereof he took, and slept ;
While by his side I kept
Dark vigil,—all my spirit bowed in
prayer,
Towards the dawning of the morn
Whereon our blessed Lord and Saviour,
Christ, was born.

V.

But, hungred and a-cold,
Ere half my beads were told
The gentle boon of sleep to me was
given ;
And in a solemn dream
I saw the wondrous gleam
Of that strange star high in the Eastern
heaven,
That led the Magi on their way,
What time the King of Kings within the
manger lay.

VI.

VI.

I saw the Angel throng,
Heard too the Heavenly song
Beside the shepherds in the fields by night,
And eager ran with them
To where in Bethlehem
We found the Holy Babe in swaddlings
white ;
And, kneeling in the sacred place,
I saw—and wept to see—in His my
wanderer's face !

VII.

But they were tears of bliss,—
And bending low to kiss
In loving awe the rosy-tender feet—
The vision passed ; and—strange !
What means this mystic change
On all that doth my rapt observance
meet ?
A blazing Yule-log on the hearth
Fills my late darksome cell with light
and warmth and mirth !

VIII.

VIII.

Upon my table bare
A golden chalice fair
Shone brimmed with wine ; a golden
paten held
Bread broken ; a pale Rood
Beside them shadowy stood ;
And from the piteous wounds the warm
blood welled . . .
I turned to rouse my sleeping one ;
But vacant stood the bed—and I was all
alone.

IX.

I sank upon my knees,
While once more on the breeze
The Christmas bells came sounding
joyously ;
And on a scroll o'erhead
Written in light I read
The legend : 'Thou hast done it unto
ME !'
And I forgot my sins and cares,
For then I knew HE had been with me
unawares.

X.

X.

And from that hour to this
My fire unquenchèd is ;
By daily use unminished, on the board
Still stand the bread and wine ;
And this poor cote of mine,
Yet radiant from the presence of the
Lord,
Is a rich temple, where I bide
Fearless His angel's summons,—*His*,
whate'er betide.

NOËL PATON,

Christmas Eve, 1882.





A Greek Gem.

*A characteristic of
Greek
musical in-
struments;*

GREEK music, though it was simple or even rude, yet had this advantage over the best of ours, that it was produced from instruments which in themselves were agreeable to look upon, not to say beautiful in form. It required from the player no attitude or action that was not true to the natural movements of the body. Indeed it may be said to have fostered the graceful action of
body

body and limb. Thus there was associated with it a triple congruity of simple melody, instruments of beautiful form, and grace of action in the player. No wonder if Greek artists, ever observant of the finer movements of the human figure, often found inspiration for a design on a painted vase or an engraved gem among scenes of music, where in modern times imagination shrinks from the dismal aspect of the instruments and the contortions of the players. The flute was, I believe, the only instrument which excited any aversion. Athena is said to have tried it, and, in disgust at her swollen cheeks, cast it to the ground.

as contrasted with those of the moderns.

The refined simplicity of the

*Music
scenes a
fitting
theme for
gems.*

*Of two
very fine
Greek
gems :*

the music scenes in daily life was the less likely to escape ancient gem engravers, since working, as they did, in beautiful, costly, and imperishable materials, they were bound, for the sake of appropriateness, if nothing else, to look for subjects as imperishably true to nature, as transparent in sentiment, and as choice in lines and forms. No doubt there were many other sources of inspiration open to the engravers. But it so happens, that perhaps the very finest of the Greek gems now in existence, are two which represent scenes of this kind. On each is a seated figure bending over a lyre, and touching its strings. The one is engraved on carnelian, and is in the British Museum ;



Museum; the other, on rock crystal, belongs to an English lady, Miss Cockerell. I may class with them, though it is inferior in style, the gem which forms the subject of this paper. It is engraved on a thin slice of pale chalcedony, and has lately been acquired for the British Museum.

*of a third
—where-
of this
present
treatise.*

On it a young lady sits reading from a manuscript, her lyre resting on a cippus before her. The lyre would not be there except to give us to understand that it is a song that she is reading over to herself. The song more than pleases her, or she would not hold and regard it so attentively. She has even allowed her dress to slip down a little from her shoulder. Her age, and her gracefulness of

*Its theme
explained.*

of costume and bearing, tell that the theme of the song is love. We may be sure it is no tragic phase of the passion such as inspired the fine poem of Musaeus, and the far finer rendering of the same subject in the *Bride of Abydos*.

As on that night of stormy water,
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.

Quaere—
"Epos the
artist, or
"Epos the
theme?—

As if to indicate the theme more plainly, the word ΕΡΩΣ has been faintly scratched with a diamond splinter on the cippus under the lyre, by some later hand, like the remark of a scholiast on the margin of a manuscript. But I am warned against too readily accepting this interpretation, by the fact that Eros was the name of an Athenian

Athenian sculptor, and may also have been the name of a gem engraver. It would not be without parallel for an engraver to put his name on a gem without the customary addition as to authorship; and if the letters had been in keeping with the workmanship of the gem, there would have been some temptation to add Eros to the list of ancient engravers. But they are not so, either in form or execution. They are Greek letters of the type familiar in Roman times; and if they were placed on the gem to record the name of the engraver, it was not himself who so placed them. During the 17th century it was a not uncommon practice to add to a gem the name of some engraver,

*it would
appear
"Epos the
theme.*

graver, or other artist mentioned in ancient literature. Eros, however, has only lately become known, through the finding of a statue by him at Olympia. Altogether there is most to be said for our first interpretation,—that the word had been added to indicate the theme of the song. Directly, it would be the name of the God of Love inscribed on a cippus to his honour. Indirectly, the presence of a cippus, so inscribed, would tell that Love was the subject of the song.

The lower part of the gem has unfortunately been broken away, and the beauty of the design thereby impaired. The style is that of Greek art in the 4th century B.C., with its very low relief, its tender senti-
ment,

ment, its refined type of figure, and its careful treatment of drapery. Such figures may be seen on painted vases of that date, seated and reading from a manuscript, on which sometimes the letters are legible, and not mere marks as on this gem. It should be noticed with how little of actual workmanship the Greek engraver attained his end in this case. The lines are few ; there is not much modelling of forms. He had worked out his image beforehand, so as to save all possible labour of hand, consistently with its expressing itself clearly.

A. S. MURRAY.



IN THULE.

ALL in a windy dawn of June,
Our boat rocked on the restless
Sound,

It seemed as though, from rhyme and
rune,

Some Norland spirit sang, around,
Waking the music of the caves
With harp-strings of the stricken waves.

We passed into the tangled voe,
And climbed the steep, brine-crufted
coast ;

And, far beyond, we marked the flow
And fury of the foam-blenced roost.
But, while the blue sea fumed and rolled,
We walked through sweet marsh-marigold.
We



We heard the gull wail overhead,
We heard the plover on the hill,
And further, over marsh and mead,
We heard the jubilant throb and thrill
Of lark on lark, that rose and sang
Till every cloud with gladness rang.

The wind fell, and the sea lay blue,—
As blue as heaven,—nor wave, nor
foam,
Save where a changing whiteness grew
Round some sheer cliff, or far, dim
holm.
Our island lay, in that wide light,
An atom in the infinite.

We climbed by wild hill roads, that led
From green vales, to the storm-bleached
creft
Of slopes that, all in silence, spread
To heaven a world of glorious rest,
Where angel feet might, spotless, fall,
And God to man be all in all.

Blue

Blue firth, green breadths of shoaling
 fea,

 The wild-eyed creatures of the hill,
Cloud shadows that sweep down and flee,
 Far flung at the broad south wind's
 will,

An awful summit, sheer and hoar,
And falling foam for evermore.

What dreadful dawn of storm and fire
 Has moulded Chaos into thee,
Island that fills my heart's desire,
 Land of unwritten history ?
The grey sea-eagle trims her nest ;
The past is folded into rest.

There is no sound of meaner things,
 There is no whisper of the earth,
Save the sweet voice of infant springs
 That babble of their stainless birth ;
And, over all, the haunting call
Of plangent seas that roll and fall.

DAVID J. MACKENZIE.



MIMNERMUS.

A ^r sunfall, in the soft Ionian air,
The heights of Tmolus burned in
waning fire,
And sad Mimnermus, on a temple stair,
Leaned on his lyre.

Below, he heard the river murmuring
Between the oleanders. Far away,
The sea, beneath white stars of evening,
Empurpled lay.

A red rose kissed his cheek ; his fondling
hand
Closed dreamily upon the golden shell,
And, sweetly, on the drowsy meadow-land,
His singing fell.

‘ As

'As buds amid the blossom-burdened
spring

Wake, break, and catch the smile that
fills the sky,

We, in the wonder of our wakening,
Knowing not why,

'Laugh, love,—one little summer, while
our life

Hangs on the fleeting tenure of a
breath,

And one Fate brings Old Age's maiming
knife,

And one brings Death.'

Even as he sang, the marble step was
stained

With crimson from the broken-hearted
flower,—

Slow as he ceased, the light of evening
waned

From tree and tower.

DAVID J. MACKENZIE.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

IN the afternoon of a day in the early winter or late autumn—that is, in the beginning of November—Mrs. Drummond went into her own house in one of those lofty piles of handsome houses which are the pride of Edinburgh. I do not venture to say what name it bore, for these streets of palaces

*Mrs.
Drum-
mond goes
home.*

*Concern-
ing the
houses of
Edin-
burgh.*

palaces are so much alike, that the unaccustomed eye, however awed by the solemn masses of their hewn stones, has difficulty in identifying them. Mr. Ruskin, talking a great deal of that nonsense of his, which is by times divine, has somewhere designated Moray Place and its neighbours by the title of 'prisons of souls.' I think, though that may be absurd, that their severity and regularity is extremely alarming in the dimness of a winter afternoon, when the day has begun to wane, but the lights have not appeared either within or without. It is not quite apparent even to myself, why I should take this opportunity of saying so; for certainly Mrs. Drummond did not think her tall,
dark,

dark, grey house, in all its elaboration of cold uniformity, a prison of the soul. She was aware of the bright rooms within, the windows that looked over that wonderful landscape, which Fitz-Eustace saw (much better) from the hills of Braid, the Firth lying low in the great valley underneath, and the soft background, against a grey horizon, of the rounded hills of Fife. And she was aware of all those fascinations of individual life—the books, the pictures, the memories which make a house, whether it be a palace or a cottage, into a home. She went in, a cheerful woman, not without cares, yet with the brightest side of life sufficiently uppermost to keep her heart light. Her daughters
had

*Den-
mark's no
prison to
those who
think not
so.*

had not returned from their holiday visits here and there, but it was currently reported in the house that the mother liked, from time to time, to find herself alone with papa and Edward, and have the whole charge of these elder children of the family in her hands. Her husband, she knew, would come in about five, and drink a cup of tea, in the cheerful light of the blazing fire which he loved, and tell her all that had gone on during the day—what he had been doing more or less, and what was being said in the Parliament-house, or at the club; all those pieces of news which the men pick up, and which a woman likes to have told her in the cheerful twilight, by the light of the pleasant

pleasant fire. Edward, perhaps, might come in even earlier, with his contribution of news—news about himself and what he was doing; which, after all, was more interesting than political movements or revolutions. So there she was, a cheerful woman, going in to her delightful fireside.

Something in the look of Simmons, the butler, was the first thing that disturbed her: and yet it can scarcely be said that it disturbed her. She saw he was big with some important event; but, knowing Simmons as well as she did, she did not feel that this was necessarily a momentous matter. Perhaps it only meant another baby in the Simmons nursery, which she was aware was expected;

*The
strange
look of
Simmons
the
butler.*

expected ; or perhaps, that he had found out a mistake in the weekly bills ; or that Cook, with whom Mr. Simmons was not on terms of amity, had gone too far in respect to the dripping. She perceived the fact accordingly with as much amusement as curiosity, expecting the usual request, 'If I might have two-three words with you, mem,' with which Simmons began all such complaints. But her expectations were not carried out. Simmons, though he was evidently big with speech, said nothing, surprising and almost alarming his mistress by his reticence. She lingered a little, looking at the cards of some visitors who had called in her absence, in reality to give him time to explain himself, but

His surprising reticence.

but Simmons still said nothing. Then another circumstance struck Mrs. Drummond's attention. The door of the library was slightly, very slightly, ajar, and within the opening there was a flutter, as if some one was waiting inside—a little slightly suppressed flutter—something which, without any real demonstration, conveyed to a woman's quick eye the idea of some other woman lurking or watching within.

‘Is anything wrong?’ she said, turning suddenly upon the butler, and taking him by surprise.

Simmons fell back a step, as if he had been attacked, and answered, ‘Wrong, mem?—no, I’m not sure that anything’s wrong.’

She

*The
library
door.*

She pointed to the door of the library, and asked, 'Who is there?' in a more imperative tone.

*Simmons
explains.*

'Weel, mem—I would not take upon me to say who they are. It's—it's two—leddies.'

'Why didn't you tell me at once?' said Mrs. Drummond, relieved. 'Do I know them?—And why did you take them there, and not up-stairs? I suppose there is nothing to make a mystery about.'

*Mysterious
visitors.*

'Weel, mem,' said Simmons, rubbing his hands in a deprecating manner, 'I would not take upon me to say. They've no name, or at least they gave me none. I'm dubious if they are the kind of leddies—you would be likely to know.'

'What do you mean?' said
Mrs.

Mrs. Drummond sharply: and then she proceeded, with a little laugh, 'I had better see for myself at least. You can bring in the lamp, it is getting so dark. They will be after some subscription or other,' she said, and turned to go to the library, where the objects of her inquiry were.

Simmons put out his hand to stop his mistress. He cleared his throat. For once it was evident he was reluctant to speak. 'Mem——,' he said, 'if you will bide a moment. They're—not for you, if I must say it. They never asked for you.'

'For whom did they ask, then?' said Mrs. Drummond—
'for your master? But that makes no difference; bring the lamp—'
'Mem,

‘Mem, if you would bide a moment.’ Simmons had put his hand upon her cloak to restrain her. ‘They’re waiting for Mr. Edward—and awfu’ anxious to see him. It was for Mr. Edward they asked.’

Mrs. Drummond stopped short, with her face towards the library door. She said only ‘Oh!’ with a curious gasp, as if her breath had stopped short too—and then she turned at once, and went upstairs as quickly as if she had been pursued, not drawing breath till she found herself looking at her own face in the great mirror over the drawing-room mantelpiece. It is a strange impulse, but not so unreasonable as it appears: when

*Touching
a strange
impulse.*

when you have no other eyes to look into, to ask what is the meaning of a new event, sometimes there is a little information to be got by looking into your own. She saw her own face rising opposite to her, pale and contracted with sudden alarm. Ah, yes! though it was only her own face, it told her something ; it told her of secret anxiety, which wanted only a touch like this to burst into flame, and of a haunting dread that had been in her mind through all the peacefulness of her life. She was a woman who had known many rough places in the path of existence in earlier days ; and timorous human nature, never quite cured of that old heathen dread that the gods are envious of the happiness

*Some reflections on
imagination
spoiled
in youth.*

happiness of man, had by times awoke within her, with a cry of fright, attending when trouble should reappear. And was this the reappearance she had dreaded? Had it come again?

It is a sad thing for a human creature to have his or her (and rather her than his) imagination spoiled in their youth. Some people can never be persuaded to anticipate evil. They believe by nature that the sick will always get well, and the wrong always be righted. Things have gone well with them hitherto, and it is natural to expect they will do so to the end. But there are others who have seen ghosts in their earlier days, and who keep on expecting

expecting the fight all through life again even at their happiest—to whom it seems natural that things should turn out badly—and happiness appears a mere exemption never to be calculated upon from surrounding and inevitable evil. Great love is sadly prone to this latter form. The Italian poet, Leopardi, says that Love and Death are born together, since Love makes the thought of parting unendurable, and can only be safe in the perfection of a common end. Mrs. Drummond stood and looked at herself with a feeling that the inevitable had come; her heart sank within her to the very depths. She saw the curves come about her eyes, and the lines to her mouth, which had seemed to be

*Mrs.
Drum-
mond's
dread.*

be all smoothed out by years of happiness, and yet were there all the time ; and into her heart there came a great anguish, the greatest of all the pangs of motherhood. Were all the dreadful experiences of the past to be renewed in her boy ? Were they to be repeated in her boy ?—he whose young life had been her pride and her joy—her first-born, her son, the prop of the house, the delight of her heart. Edward ! everything that was tender, dear, delightful, hopeful, excellent, was in his name ; and was that to drop into the invisible depths too ?

You will say that so simple a fact as that two ladies were waiting to see her son

son was no reason for this pain ; and that was what, after a while, she began to say to herself. She said to herself that if there had been anything wrong in it they would never have come to inquire for him at his home ; that, after all, perhaps they were ladies seeking subscriptions, feminine knights-errant, who never mind whom they ask for, or what they do, so long as they get their lists filled. Two !—that of itself showed there could be no harm ; and she began to upbraid herself for a bad-minded woman, thinking evil where no evil was. All this, and a great deal more, went through her mind and calmed her, subduing her excitement, but without taking away

*She
reasoneth
with her-
self.*

*Some
safety in
numbers.*

away the deeper anxiety that lay below—for, on the other hand, what could ladies want with Edward, to come and visit him?—ladies with whom his mother was unacquainted. And what did Simmons mean by being dubious whether they were the kind of ladies she was likely to know? The kind of ladies! There was but one kind of ladies, so far as Mrs. Drummond knew—ladies whom any other lady, if she were the Queen, might know. Thus she was driven about from one set of thoughts to another, the one calming, the other exciting her fears; and sank down on the sofa at last without thinking of taking off her bonnet, bewildered, forgetting everything except this combat which

which went on within her. The afternoon was gradually darkening ; the firelight, becoming every moment of more importance, dancing on the walls, reflected in every bright surface, making the room more and more into a centre of everything that was comfortable and bright—except where sat that dark figure, her mantle falling in heavy folds that gave forth no reflection, her veil dropping over her face. She started, however, when Simmons came up to look to the fire, perceiving with uneasiness that it was not the fire Simmons was thinking of, but that his curiosity was much excited, and his mind set on finding this mystery out.

*Simmons
looks to
the fire.*

‘ Oh,

His professional appropriations.

‘Oh,’ she said, with a little start as he appeared, ‘I am lazy ; I have not taken off my bonnet—Is it time for tea ?’

‘It’s not four o’clock,’ said Simmons, with an implied reproach ; ‘I just came to look after my fire.’

Simmons was very willing to allow that the house belonged to his master ; but he said ‘my fire,’ and ‘my plate,’ and ‘my table,’ with a certain professional appropriation. And he poked the said fire deliberately, and added coals to the blaze, though there was no need for them. Mrs. Drummond was not in a state of mind to pay any attention to this waste.

‘Has Mr. Edward come in yet ?’ she said.

‘No, mem, he’s not come in.’

‘And

‘And are the—ladies still waiting?’

‘Yes, mem, they’re still waiting,’ Simmons said.

Mrs. Drummond got up and walked to the other end of the room, putting something down and taking something up, as if quite at her ease; but she did not deceive Simmons. She said, after a moment, quite jauntily, ‘What kind of people are they, Simmons, these friends of Mr. Edward’s?—are they old or young?’

‘Well, mem,’ said Simmons, ‘they’re both—one’s old, and one’s young.’

‘Oh!’ said Mrs. Drummond again, feeling another arrow go into her heart. ‘And what did you mean,’ she said, after a moment, ‘by telling me that they

they were not the kind of ladies I was likely to know ?’

‘Well, mem,’ said Simmons again, ‘they are scarcely what you would call leddies at a’. It’s just an honest woman and her daughter.’

‘An honest woman and her daughter !’

‘Just that, mem ; but what the young gentleman may have to do with the like of them is what I cannot tell.’

‘I think I will see them myself, Simmons. It may be somebody who—it may be—I think, as Mr. Edward has not come in, I will go down and see them myself.’

*Oracular
advice.*

‘I would not advise it, mem,’ said Simmons, ‘and neither would I go against you, if that’s what you think. Young men
are

are a thought camstairy—they sometimes don't like their friends to interfere—but, on the ither hand——'

'I was not asking your advice, Simmons,' the lady said; then her heart smote her a little, for the man, she was sure, meant very kindly. 'Let me know,' she said, 'please, as soon as Mr. Edward comes in.'

She sat down again to wait. 'An honest woman and her daughter!' Mrs. Drummond knew very well what Simmons meant. He meant a person who had no pretensions to be a lady—a woman of a humbler class—a decent, poor woman, with her girl. What could such a person have to say to Edward? There was only one thing that she could have to say. *The one thing possible.*

say. He must have fallen in love (oh, heaven!) with the daughter's pretty face, and, perhaps—who can tell?—have asked her to marry him. Women believe devoutly that there is no folly a young man will not do when there is a pretty face in question. Sometimes they err in that, as in other ways; but, among all the scepticisms of the time, on this point there are no sceptics. They were engaged, perhaps—Edward—*my* boy—and this girl! ‘This creature!’ the angry mother had almost said; but she was of a fair and just mind, and she stopped herself. What did she know about the girl? The girl might be a good girl, and the mother a woman wise and prudent, who did not mean to throw

throw her daughter away. She had no right to take up an evil opinion either of the mother or the daughter. Many a wiser man than Edward had been beguiled in this same way—oh, many a wiser man!—and the mother, no doubt, had come to see after him, to keep him up to the mark, to find out if he was well enough off, perhaps to fix the day! ‘Oh!’ the mother said in her heart, clenching her hands and starting to her feet; and then, with her bonnet still on, and her veil shadowing her face, she ran down-stairs hastily, determined at least to see for herself what manner of people they were who were thus about to take possession of her boy.

The library door was
open

*'Lawful
espials.'*

open—at least it was not quite closed ; a small chink was left, through which she divined some one was eagerly watching, startled by every sound. She went quickly up to it, and pushed the door open, and went in. In the imperfect light she saw the two figures starting a little back, and disturbed at the sight of her—one, a very decent woman, in a large Paisley shawl, a large bonnet of a by-gone fashion, and an umbrella in her hand ; the other, a great deal younger, a mere girl, but solid in her figure, like her mother, built for all life's strong uses, not like a delicate young lady. They seemed very much surprised at the sight of her, retiring a little into the

the

the shadows of the room. Scotch women of their class do not curtsy to their social superiors: they are not trained to such reverences; but they made her a rustic bow, and the mother said, 'I hope I see ye weel, ma'am,' in a soft and friendly tone.

'You are waiting for—some one?' said Mrs. Drummond, herself more diffident than they.

'Yes, mem. I was waiting, if possible, for a word with Mr. Edward,' the mother said.

'And what did you want with Edward?—Oh, not if you are unwilling to tell me! But I am his mother, and I could tell him anything—whatever you wish to say.'

The two strangers looked at each other, and then at her.
The

The girl shook her head slightly, and the mother replied, after a pause, in an embarrassed tone, 'You know nothing about us, mem—maybe you have never heard of us—and you wouldna understand.'

'Oh, I can understand most things—after a while—when I try,' Mrs. Drummond said with a little hard laugh, feeling that the situation was too much for her, and that in another moment she would break down and cry. They consulted each other again by a look.

'Mem,' said the decent woman, 'I hope you'll no' take it amiss: but you dinna ken us, and we dinna ken you, and I would rather bide a moment and see the young gentleman,

gentleman, if we're no' in onybody's way.'

Mrs. Drummond was very angry. She felt herself quiver with rage and misery, but what could she say? She withdrew as quietly as possible out of the room, and left it to them. She would have liked to call Simmons, and direct him to turn them out, but the bondage of nature and circumstances was upon her. She could not act contrary to her own character, and to all the habits of her being. She withdrew as quickly as she could, feeling that everything was against her—even her prejudices against discourtesy, and the necessity she lay under of considering other people and their feelings. Sometimes it would

*Exit Mrs.
Drummond, and*

enter
Edward.

would be a great relief to be able to throw off that crust of civilisation and good manners, and return to the frankness of the savage. Now and then indeed very well-bred people are able to do this : but Mrs. Drummond was not of that kind. She went up-stairs again full of misery and indignation ; and, before she reached the top, heard the sound of the hall door opening, and the light, alert step of Edward coming in. Then came the voice of Simmons, giving her son the information of who awaited him. She could hear in the air the sound of Edward's exclamation of surprise, and then she heard the door of the library open and close.

What a moment that was !
She

She stood at the door of her drawing-room listening to any far-off sound, that might indicate what was going on. Presently, before she could have imagined it to be possible, there was a noise again of quick opening and shutting of doors—the hall door closing loudly. Had they gone already?—had he gone with them?—what had happened? Mrs. Drummond hurried to the window, to look out. But next moment the sound of a flying footstep caught her ear, and Edward himself, pale as a ghost, and in breathless haste, burst into the room.

‘Mother, where are you?’ he cried.

Anxious as she was, and with cause, as she feared, to be
not

*Behind
the arras.*

not only anxious but indignant, it was with a certain sense of shame that Mrs. Drummond appeared from out the lace curtains that veiled the window. To seem even to have been prying upon him, watching who it was who had just left him, brought a blush over her—a quick heat of discomfiture and embarrassment.

‘What is it, Edward?’ she said, faltering, half avoiding his eye.

*A demand
for sup-
plies.*

‘Mother, have you any money?’ he said; ‘give me what you can, for heaven’s sake at once. I have nothing of my own to speak of, and must have it. I can’t wait. Mother, I’ve no time to answer any questions—give me what you can, and let me go.’

Th

This sudden request filled her with consternation. She looked at him for a moment, pale with terror and distress. But even here she could not disobey her instincts. She took her purse slowly out of her pocket, always looking at him with eyes full of trouble.

‘Money?’ she said, with a trembling voice.

‘Oh, mother, don’t stop me to ask questions. I’ve no time to lose. If you care for my comfort and peace—if you don’t want me to die of remorse and misery—mother, for God’s sake!—I don’t know what I’m saying—I’m in great distress,’ cried the lad, tears forcing themselves to his eyes.

‘Money is the least of it : give me what you can, and don’t ask

*Money is
the least
of it.*

ask me—oh, don't ask me. I'll tell you another time.'

Mrs. Drummond could not speak ; her heart seemed to be broken in two. What did he want money for?—where was he going?—who were the women who had brought him into this excitement and trouble?—all these questions tore her with sharp fangs like harpies ; but on the other hand was her son's young face, full of anguish, breathless with haste, and that anxiety which she could not understand. Slowly she put out her hand to his, and gave him, without looking at it, the purse, which was such a small matter—the trust, which was such a great one—trust which was not confidence, which was full of pain and doubt,

doubt, and a sick terror that what she was doing might be for Edward's harm and not good. But otherwise she could not act, whatever the penalty might be.

He never stopped to thank her—even to look at her—but turned and dashed down-stairs, and out of the house without a word said.

II.

Twenty-four hours had passed of the most extreme and miserable anxiety. Edward dined out that night, and did not return till late. Mrs. Drummond did not venture to change any of the habits of her life, or to show her anxiety in any visible way. She

Twenty-four hours later.

She said nothing to his father, who vaguely perceived his wife's pre-occupation, but was not sufficiently roused to put any questions on the subject. Something made him say at dinner that Edward was going out too much—that it could not be good for his studies: which was rather a reflection thrown immediately into his mind from his wife's than any original observation of his own. But he asked no questions about his son, and the mother said nothing, exerting herself to talk as usual, to go calmly to rest as usual, without showing the trouble she was in. For, perhaps, it was nothing after all—perhaps it could all be explained; and why should his father be disturbed

turbed and made unhappy by something which was nothing? So she bore it as best she could, which is the woman's special burden in this world, and covered up the storm of conflicting thoughts, that whirl of quickening anxieties in her own mind, with an outward aspect of quietness and calm ordinary life and speech—which by moments became so intolerable to her that if she could for any reason have broken out in shrieks and passion, or in weeping and sobbing, or even in domestic storm, it would have been an unspeakable relief. But none of the servants would do anything to give her that opening. They were all exceptionally on their good behaviour. Simmons indeed

A safety valve required;

but provokingly absent.

*Leaden-
footed
Time.*

indeed kept his eye on her as if he knew all about it, and was her accomplice in deceiving the master of the house ; but Simmons was the last person upon whom she could burst forth. After the weary evening was over, she lay awake in the dark and silence till she heard the welcome click of the door at midnight, and heard her son's light foot skim up the long staircase. At all events, he was safe in the nest for that night, whatever to-morrow might bring.

*Untoward
punctual-
ity.*

But the morning brought no further enlightenment: Edward, who was generally late, was punctilious to a moment that day, breakfasted along with his father, left the

the house with his father, in such good time for his lecture ! which was a thing that pleased her much on ordinary occasions, but not to-day. For not a word could pass in the father's presence, who knew nothing. Mrs. Drummond went out about her usual occupations in a kind of desperation in the short sunshine of the wintry morning. The sun was red, shining through a frosty mist, which was not disheartening, like the heavy air of London, but cheerful and full of poetic effects : and the cold was just enough to make the passengers move quickly about the streets and give a keener aspect to the business and movement with which the air was full. Mrs. Drummond

*The sad
mechanic
exercise.*

*Like dull
narcotics,
numbing
pain.*

Drummond did all her domestic business that day with activity far greater than her usual—walking about, keeping in constant movement, deadening a little the gnawing of the anxiety in her heart. But as she came out of one of the shops, where she had gone to seek some special delicacy which Edward was fond of (she felt easier when she was catering specially for him, as if he had been ill and required double consideration in that way), a strange thing happened to her. She saw Edward himself pass, walking rather slowly with his head bent, looking neither to the right nor to the left, absorbed in something, in his own thoughts. The sight of him was strange to his mother,

mother, as if some one had struck her. She stifled the little cry that came to her lips, with a Scotswoman's strong dislike to demonstration of any kind, but paused on the pavement, looking after him with an impulse which she could not restrain nor obey. To follow him—her son!—to watch him, herself unseen—to betray the awful doubt, the soul-mastering fear, that was in her, and yet not to betray them—to go stealthily after him like a thief, like a spy!—all the dishonour of it, the stealthiness, the suspiciousness, the meanness of spying, flashed into her mind. She blushed from head to foot, a hot wave of shame and self-contempt passing over her, and then—she
went

*Seeing,
unseen.*

*Mrs.
Drum-
mond
follows.*

went after him. Let those blame her who do not know the heart. She ran over to herself all the evil that was in it, and then she did it, as so many of us do, but few with so good an excuse. Her heart began to beat louder and louder as she followed her boy, ashamed of it, pulling down her veil over her face, as if that light film of lace could hide her, either from him or from herself. Edward walked more slowly than usual, or she could not have kept up with him: and yet she felt as if she could have kept up with even a winged passenger, so hasty and breathless with the speed of going was her loud-beating heart.

Edward walked away to-
wards

wards the west, over the Dean Bridge, into the open country—a long, long way, passing so many rows of comfortable houses, and the towers of the great hospital, and the alien cypresses, which have no right to watch in their classical and heathen gloom over cheerful Christian graves. Thoughts of this kind, wild and far apart from her all-absorbing object, flew across her mind as she walked along—Edward always in sight, going slowly, never looking round. He must have seen her had he looked round. Sometimes she thought he was going to turn, and trembled; but he never did so—he walked straight on, reflectively, as if he were thinking of something—he who usually skimmed the ground with

*Beyond
the Dean
Bridge.*

*Still
onward
winds the
dreary
way.*

with a foot so light. The slow plodding of his pace struck her anew like an additional blow. It increased all her fears of harm, and yet it touched her so, going to her heart. Gay Edward, the boy who was like the Squire in Chaucer—‘Singing he was or floyting alle the day,’ as she had said of him a hundred times, but now so thoughtful, hanging his head, going along pondering, pondering all the way. What was he thinking of with such a heavy heart? What was it that took the spring from his footstep? And where was he going?—to the woman of last night she knew instinctively: but why—and what were they to him? The woman was an honest woman—it was written all over

over her ; a decent woman, as Simmons said. And that flow reflective step was not the step of a lover. Why was he going there?—what had they to do with him? These questions floated about her, rang in her ears, founded over and over again, into the very recesses of her heart, but no answer came.

At last they came all to a stop with a sudden clang and shock. He had come to the house. It was a little house ; no more than a cottage. Mrs. Drummond saw at a glance that it could belong to no one but the visitor of last night. It was like her, as a house (especially in the country) gets like its possessor—the windows bright and clean, with little muslin curtains tight across

*The
decent
woman's
cottage.*

*The door
is opened
—and
shut.*

across the lower part, the door-step white, no flowerpots choking up the air inside, but a monthly rose trained by the door, and with a pale flower or two upon it smiling at the world even in November. Mrs. Drummond saw all this with one look, and then her whole being seemed to be arrested as the door opened and shut, and Edward disappeared. She stood still, and, what was more, her heart stood still, and all her beating pulses seemed to stop for the moment. She felt a moment's brief strange suspension of life as she stood there, scarcely breathing. Thus all things had come to an end. Her spying, her stealthy following, her outrage upon the honour and candour of life

life stopped here. She could go no further—what was she to do?

There was nobody but herself upon the road; a little further on was the lodge gate of a house in which people whom she knew lived—any one of whom might come out and discover her; a little further was a cluster of cottages, a sort of little hamlet—but here nothing. She stood, and leaned upon a garden wall, that skirted the road, and felt without shrinking the cold dew drop upon her from the branches that overhung it. What was she to do? She could not go back again in secret, and leave the mystery unsolved, after she had shamed herself

An awkward predicament.

*Time
travels in
divers
paces.*

*The door
is opened.*

herself to her own knowledge in this attempt to find it out.

Time goes flow in moments like this, and it goes fast. Each individual instant is like a year, but the whole together, nothing, a moment's space. Mrs. Drummond thought she had not been more than a minute leaning against that wall, looking across a bit of open space, on the other side, at the cottage, which stood withdrawn a little from the road at a right angle, when the door opened again audibly, with a sound that disturbed the soft, humid silence, and startled her out of all command of herself. She saw as through a mist her son appear, accompanied by the visitor of last night, whose apron was at her eyes, and who had

had evidently been crying ; behind her appeared the shadow of the girl looking over her shoulder. They were bidding Edward good-bye. The air was so still that the spectator could hear what they were saying. ‘God bless you, sir,’ the honest woman said. ‘Oh, don’t say that!’ said Edward, ‘say you forgive me all the anxiety I have caused you—but you will when you have him home to-night.’

‘God bless you,’ was repeated again, this time by two voices, and then the door was closed, and Mrs. Drummond, shutting her eyes, heard her son coming towards her. What could she do? If she had turned and fled, he would have seen and recognised her all the same. She

*A parting
blessing ;*

*and a
dreaded
approach.*

She leant all her weight against the wall, feeling her limbs quiver under her, and the light go from her eyes. She did not seem to breathe, counting the steps as they came towards her. Nearer they came, and nearer — then stopped ; and Mrs. Drummond, hurriedly opening her eyes, heard him call ‘Mother!’ in a voice of consternation, and saw him dimly with a mist about him, through which he appeared to her young, severe, terrible, like St. George with his spear.

‘Mother! how have you come here?’

She got back her breath, and answered him in a gasp, ‘After you, Edward.’

‘Mother—you followed—’

She

She bowed her head, and closed her eyes again, feeling as if the young warrior had transfixed her with that spear—the spear of truth and earnest purpose. Oh, yes!—not to be mistaken!—going through and through her; but oh, with what a smart of joy!

‘Edward! I am struck to the earth with shame. I came after you like a spy—’

He had a right, if he chose, to turn the spear in the wound—and she was willing. Everything was sweet now she had seen that light in his eyes.

Instead of that, she felt his arm around her in a moment. ‘Oh, mother! how anxious you have been. I see it all now. I have left you in distress, only thinking of the other—without

a

a word of explanation. I see it now. You were a bit of myself—it did not seem to matter; but forgive me—I see it now—forgive me, mother dear!’

‘Forgive you!’ she said; ‘is there anything your mother needs to be asked to forgive you, Edward? And you were quite right; I am yourself—I ought to have divined.’ The moment she had said this, throwing her head high in proud confidence, she suddenly clasped his arm with both her hands, and said, in a low beseeching tone, ‘What is it, what is it, Edward? Oh, tell me, my own boy!’

‘I am to blame all the same, mother,’ Edward said; and as they walked, she clinging to his arm, he told her the story.

Now

Now Edward had not been one of those young men who have never given his parents any anxiety since the day they were born, of whom one hears sometimes. Happy are the parents who have such sons! Appearances may be against them, but character is stronger than appearances. But Edward was not one of these. He had done nothing very wrong, but he had been careless, blown about by different winds. And this was why his mother had plunged at once into such mortal terror concerning him—fearing she knew not what. Edward began to tell her his story, with her arm drawn through his, and his hand clasping it: for these careless boys have their compensating

*Character
versus ap-
pearances.*

*Edward
tells his
story.*

penfating qualities, and are more humble-minded than those who know themselves above fufpicion. He told her that he had been dining at the Caſtle on the night before that day of trouble, as ſhe knew.

‘But you didn’t know how late I was—I was ſo late that I couldn’t get out without bringing Seton into trouble. You know how ſtrict they are, mother. What was I to do?—if I had ſtayed there all night, as they wanted me, I don’t know what you and my father would have ſaid. I made up my mind directly to come down the rock.’

‘Edward! you might have killed yourſelf!’

‘No fear! I’ve ſcrambled about the Craigs too often for that

that ; but when I got down almost to the bottom, there was the sergeant with his party relieving the guard. I lay low, but they had seen me. What was I to do ?—I've been in a lot of scrapes before, you know, mother—'

'Oh, yes,' she said, shaking her head, 'I know.'

Careless Edward—careless still, with all his trouble—gave a broken laugh at the thought. 'Somebody was passing down below—I caught sight of him by the lamplight. I gave a whistle, and said, "Charlie, lend us a hand." He looked up, and gave one spring, and stood by at the dykeside to help me down. And I don't know how we got mixed up, mother—I could not tell you—I've tried

*The sequel
to a dinner
at the
Castle.*

tried to make it out, but I can't do it. The only thing I know was, that I got safe home, and Charlie fell into their hands.'

'Who is Charlie?' she asked.

'Charlie Muir—and that was his mother that came to tell me—I never heard what had happened till then. She did not hear herself till the afternoon, and the state she had been in!—worse than you—for you would have thought it some of my careless ways; but she thought, knowing what a straight, steady fellow he was—she thought he was killed, all that night and half the day: mother, think!'

'Oh, my boy!' cried Mrs. Drummond, pressing his arm;
and

and oh, the thoughts she had been thinking of that decent woman!—who had been in trouble far greater than her own.

‘I rushed up to the place at once, and they let me see him. He had not said a word about me—trust him for that; but he had said he was only passing, and had never been on the rock at all: and the men all knew somebody had been on the rock. I could do very little with your money, after all. I brought it back, or the most of it,’ said Edward. ‘I tipped a man or two to be good to him; and then I went to Seton, who was ready, of course, to take his share of the blame. But the man I wanted was Colonel Wedderburn, and him

*The
anxious
moment
bath
passed.*

him we could not find. Charlie is to be brought up at two o'clock, and Seton was to try and nail the Colonel at one, to get him to interfere. And I thought I would go in the meantime, to tell Mrs. Muir that it would all be right. Did you hear her God-blessing me?—when she ought to have done the other thing! And I'm not half so sure, as I said I was,' Edward cried, shaking his head. 'But yes, I am! They'll have to lock me up instead of him. He shall not be punished for me.'

*The
anxious
moment
all but re-
turneth.*

'How did they know to come to you, Edward?' his mother asked, with some lingering suspicion still in her tone.

'He told them I was his kind friend, and that I would help

help them. Fancy! when it was all for me he was there—but not a word of that did Charlie say. I'd like you to know him. They're poor, and he's not what you call a gentleman, mother. Gentleman! he might be a prince,' Edward cried.

'If he was a king he could be no better than a gentleman. But I think he must be that—in his heart,' said Mrs. Drummond. 'Edward, I am dreadfully tired—though I've no such reason as that good woman. Get a cab as soon as you can see one, and I'll go with you to Colonel Wedderburn. If he does not listen to you wild lads, he will listen to me.'

They had still to walk a long way, however, before the
welcome

*A lucky
cabman.*

welcome cab came in sight. The same cab made a little fortune out of the case that afternoon. It drove up and down from the Castle, and waited about while everybody was interviewed, and the story told over and over. Everything ended finally in the most innocent way. Young Seton had his leave stopped, and Edward spent his mother's money in paying the fine inflicted as the penalty of the escapade; and Muir, who had so nearly been the scapegoat, and who in his depressed condition, after being locked up for two nights, looked deplorable enough, was conveyed home triumphant by Edward as much delighted and happy in his friend's virtue as if he himself

himself had never been to blame at all. Neither of them was much the worse for the incident, which made the most capital story in all their College Societies, and circulated through the class-rooms, for weeks afterwards—nay, if there had been a UNION at that moment, it would no doubt have run through all its brotherhoods—how Charlie Muir, the steadiest of good fellows, was locked up instead of Ned Drummond—the greatest joke!

The two mothers smiled too, after a time, at the thought of how their hearts were racked, and all the dreadful images that had peopled the silence on that terrible night; but such moments are too
serious

*Hæc olim,
etc.*

*And all
is well
ended.*

serious for laughter to the women, even when all is well that ends well, as this did. But that is one of the mysteries, more profound than Greek philosophy, which it is so hard and difficult to make the young men know.

M. O. W. OLIPHANT.





BURNS.

BROTHER of Homer, Nature's darling
child,
Best prophet of this dainty-cultured age,
When men by far-fought fancies grandly
spoiled
Find Truth's fair face in thy untutored
page ;
Thy home-spun words let filken dames
dispraise,
And book-learned wits thy ploughman's
phrase despise,
There lives a power in thy fresh bicker-
ing lays
That kins thee with the best that star
the skies.

Thy

Thy song is like the purple-vested Ben,
Rooted in granite, round whose shoulders
 sweep
Salubrious airs, and lucid fountains leap
Joyful into the warm green-winding glen,
Where rushing rivers pour their roaring
 tide,
And grand old pine trees tofs their
 branchy pride.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

*Χαίρειν μετὰ χαϊρόντων, καὶ κλαίειν μετὰ
κλαιόντων. — PAULUS.*





TO A
FAIR LADY

*Who wished she had been born
a Man.*

A CAT there was would be a tiger,
For it was plain to see
Tigers both stronger are and bigger
Than any cat may be.

So the cat prayed to Jove ; and Jove,
Who cooks all kinds of dishes,
Sent wingèd Hermes from above
To do what puffy wishes.

The cat became a tiger ; but
Had scarcely reared his head,
When through the jungle a slant shot
Laid mighty puffy dead !

Let

Let cats learn wisdom, and abide
 In their own skin securely :
 The bigger beast oft serves to guide
 The marksman's ball more surely !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

'Αληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—PAULUS.





DRESS.

To Miss E. P.

MAIDEN, I love thee not,—or rather not
Thy drefs, fo loudly red, fo
grandly gay ;

Such gorgeous trappings fling a splendid
blot

On thy mild nature's virginal difplay.

Take blue convolvulus, or fpeedwell blue,
Mingled with lilies white, which poets
prize,

Or from yon fkies filch their cerulean hue,
To match the fummer fweetnefs of thine
eyes.

Nature abhors ill-forted mixtures ; fo
Compoſe thy garb as thy fair mould we
fee ;

Not

Not all birds may be eagles ; and the
show

That lights dark-eyed sultanas blindeth
thee.

Be wise : and match thy vesture with thy
foul

And those twin lucid orbs, to make one
tuneful whole.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Ἐν τῷ συμμέτρῳ τὸ καλόν. — PLATO.





THE SCOTCH STUDENT'S DREAM.

I.

*From WILLIAM SAWBONES, Esq.,
M.D., D.Sc., F.A.L.S.E.,
(Fellow of all the Learned
Societies of Europe), to the
Secretary, Senatus of the
University of Edinburgh.*

51 MORAY PLACE,
Edinburgh, June 4, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—Yours to hand
which I should have answered
fooner

ld in
ademi-
esteem.

sooner but for a consultation with Sir William Gull, which took me to London. I accept with pleasure the Senatus's offer of an examinership in *Materia Medica*, not for the honour (which I do not need), nor for the remuneration (which is a mere bagatelle), but because my *alma mater* has a claim upon her son.—Yours in haste, W. SAWBONES.

II.

From W. SAWBONES, M.D., &c., &c., to MESSRS. M-CM-LL-N & Co., Publishers, London.

s reput
an
bor.

DEAR SIRS,—Seeing that so many eminent Scientists are calling for a cheap edition of my book, I do not know that
one

one can well refuse them. I leave all the arrangements to you. Please announce that all the proceeds from the People's Edition (is it the twelfth or the fifteenth?) will go to the Edinburgh Infirmary. Yours truly,

W. SAWBONES.

III.

From JOHN GILMOUR, Private Secretary to W. SAWBONES, M.D., &c., &c., to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

MADAM, — Mr. Sawbones requests me to acknowledge receipt of your favour of the 13th, and to respectfully decline the honour of knighthood which your Majesty proposes to confer upon him.
Mr.

As generous as great.

He refuseth royal recognition of his merit,

*after the
fashion
of his
country-
man,
Carlyle.*

Mr. Sawbones, like his countryman Carlyle, is a man of the people, and has his own valuation for empty honours. He begs me to state that he takes your communication in the spirit in which it was apparently meant, and wishes your Majesty well. At the same time he is surprised at its tenour, seeing that the advanced character of Mr. Sawbones's views are matter of public notoriety.

You have permission to make what use you please of this letter.—I remain,

MADAM,

Your humble Servant,

JOHN GILMOUR.

IV.

IV.

*From W. SAWBONES, M.D., &c.,
&c., to LADY FANNY LISLE,
Tully Castle, Perthshire.*

DEAR LADY FANNY,—Do you really think that I ‘flung away the glove like the end of a cigar, the moment your back was turned’? Surely you know me better. I shall not say where I preserve it as a relic of the happiest evening of my life. I hope Lord Lisle did not scold you *very* much when you got home? You were not more than an hour late.

Have just sent off the flowers, which I hope you will like. Did I tell you that it has rained here ever since your departure — the angels weeping

Triumphant in love ;

with maidens of the noblest station.

Student's Dream.

weeping because you have gone away. The old address will always find me.

My kindest regards to your sister, Lady Gertrude. Dare I send to yourself the message that trembles on my lips?—Believe me, dear Lady Fanny, yours most truly,

W. SAWBONES.

V.

From W. SAWBONES, M.D., &c., &c., to the PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY, Edinburgh University.

His scientific pre-eminence.

MY DEAR TURNER,—If your experiment is still a failure, bring your instruments round to me, and I'll set you right.—Yours,

W. S.

VI.

VI.

*From W. SAWBONES, M.D., &c.,
&c., to the PROFESSOR OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE, Uni-
versity of Edinburgh.*

MY DEAR MASSON,—Come
round to-morrow, and take a
chop at fix. If Tennyson has
not gone, bring him with you.
—As ever, W. S.

*A portion
of the
belles
lettres.*

VII.

NOTICE *on the Door of
W. SAWBONES's residence, 51
Moray Place.*

Please address all communi-
cations for the next fortnight—

‘Care of LORD ROSEBURY,
Dalmeny.’

(Signed) W. SAWBONES.

*He attain-
eth to poli-
tical im-
portance.*

VIII.

VIII.

*From W. SAWBONES, M.D., &
&c., to LADY FANNY LISI
care of the Gardener's Lodge
Tully Castle. (To be call
for.)*

*The heart
doth pro-
digally
lend the
tongue
vows.*

MY OWN LITTLE ONE,—
course I am true to you. He
could you alarm your sweet
little self with such a question
You have been misinformed
about Mrs. de Gray. I assure
you I only danced with her
twice, and the second time
because I could not get out
it. Oh, my precious, as if
I cared to have any *partner* but
my jealous, unreasonable, lovely
little lassie of Tully Castle.
Sometimes I catch myself
smiling at all the rest of your
sex, trying to pass themselves

off as women, as if there were more than one woman in the world ! My pet's letter made me so happy. I live for another to-morrow.

Give Gertrude my love (just a tiny bit of it). You know it is all yours to parcel out as you like. Good-night, darling.
—Ever your WILLIAM.

IX.

*From W. SAWBONES, M.D., &c.,
&c., Testimonial in favour of
the Professor of Physiology in
the University of Edinburgh,
Candidate for an Honorary
Chair in the University of
Paris.*

I HAVE had exceptional opportunity of judging of the merits of Mr. Rutherford, and
have

*Display-
eth a kind-
ly encour-
agement of
rising
merit.*

have much pleasure in recommending him to your favourable consideration. As a professor he has gained my esteem by his conscientious discharge of his duties. For the last two years he has been a frequent visitor at my house, where an informal Physiological Society meets weekly, and on these occasions I have been favourably struck, not less by the originality of his suggestions, than by his readiness to seize a point when it has been explained to him. He has also proved of much service in assisting me with my scientific investigations. Mr. Rutherford is a man in whose career I take a warm interest.

W. SAWBONES.

X.

X.

*From W. SAWBONES, M.D., &c.,
&c., to the EARL OF LISLE,
Tully Castle, Perthshire.*

MY LORD,—I am much surprised by the tenour of your Lordship's communication. You ask my intentions with regard to your daughter, Lady Fanny. I reply that I have no intentions whatever. I regard your daughter, my Lord, with feelings of esteem, and I can only say, that no one regrets more than I do, the unhappy attachment which you say she has conceived for me.

I may go further, my Lord, and assert that, though this is not by any means the first case of the kind, I never regretted
one

*Only too
eligible.*

one more. Assure Lady Fanny of my continued admiration, and point out to her that a man like myself is hardly justified in making one woman happy at the expense of so many others. My Lord, I can put my hand upon my heart, and say, with all honesty, that I never said or wrote one word to your unhappy daughter that went beyond the expression of sentiments of the most ordinarily friendly character.—I remain, my Lord, your obedient Servant,

W. SAWBONES,
thro' J. GILMOUR.

XI.

*From W. SAWBONES, M.D.,
&c., &c., to the PROVOST OF
DUNDEE. (Telegram.)*

Much gratified to hear that
the Dundee Town Council
have agreed to erect a statue
to me in my native town.
Fear am unworthy of the
honour.

XII.

(THE AWAKENING.)

*From R. SAWYER, Medical
Student, Edinburgh, to W.
SAWBONES, Medical Student,
on a visit to his parents at
Dundee. (Post-card.)*

28th July, 1886. Both
plucked again.

*Awaketh
and dis-
cerneth
the truth.*

J. M. BARRIE.



A FAIR BARGAIN.

‘**W**HAT wad ye gie for a wife, laddie ;
What wad ye gie for a wife ?’

‘Gien it was yerfel’ an’ nae ither,
lassie,

I wad gie my verra life !’

‘What guid wad that do me, laddie ?
Set me to bury the deid !’

‘I wad gie ye filler an’ claes, lassie,
An’ the whitest o’ a’ white breid.’

‘Troth, I hae sic at hame, laddie ! .
An’ I wadna, whether or no !’

‘Tell me then what ye wad hae, lassie,
Or I’ll tak my stick an’ go !—

‘Or



● ‘Or hear til me, ance for a’, lassie!

‘What wad ye gie yerfel’

For the laddie abune a’ laddies,

The verra mirracle?’

● ‘Ye hae answert yer ain cry, laddie,

But ony ringin’ o’ bell!

For that fame laddie o’ laddies

I wad just gie mysel’.

● ‘An’ sic a laddie o’ laddies

I reckon wad get ye cheap!’

‘Oh, na; sic a laddie o’ laddies

Wad pay mair nor ony—a heap!

‘But I’d seek neither claes nor filler,

Coo, nor corn, nor hoose!’

‘Oot wi’ t, las! or we’ll differ:

Ye couldna live like a moose!’

‘Gien

‘Gien ye were that laddie o’ laddies,
Ye wadna need me to tell!
He wad gie’t like a thoughtless lassie,
Thinkin’ naething o’ himsel’!’

‘What ye are after, lassie,
For my life I canna tell!’
‘Ye’re no ower gleg, I dout, laddie!
What wad he gie but himsel’!’

GEORGE MAC DONALD.





It seems likely to rain,
he said; 'have you an
umbrella?'



The Philosopher and The Butterflies.

THE scene was in a garden, on a fine summer morning, brilliant with flants of sunshine, yet chequered with clouds significant of more than a remote possibility of rain. All the animal world was astir. Birds flitted or hopped from spray to spray ; Butterflies eddied around flowers, within, or upon which Bees were bustling ;
Ants

The scene.

Ants and Earwigs ran nimbly about on the mould ; a Member of the Universal Knowledge Society perambulated the gravel path.

The purpose of the U. K. S. set forth.

The Universal Knowledge Society, be it understood, exists for the dissemination, and not for the acquisition of knowledge. Our Philosopher, therefore, did not occupy himself with considering whether in that miniature world, with its countless varieties of animal and vegetable being, something might not be found with which he was himself unacquainted, but, like the honey-freighted bee, rather sought an opportunity of disburdening himself of his stores of information, than of adding to them. But who
was

was to profit by his communicativeness? The noisy birds could not hear themselves speak, much less him; he shrewdly distrusted his ability to command the attention of the busy Bees; and even a Member of the Universal Knowledge Society may well be at a loss for a suitable address to an Earwig. At length he determined to accost a Butterfly who, after sipping the juice of a flower, remained perched indolently upon it, apparently undecided whither to direct his flight.

‘It seems likely to rain,’ he said; ‘have you an umbrella?’

The Butterfly looked curiously at him, but returned no answer.

A colloquy;

‘I

‘I do not ask,’ resumed the Philosopher, ‘as one who should imply that the probability of even a complete saturation ought to appal a ratiocinative being, endowed with wisdom and virtue. I rather designed to direct your attention to the inquiry whether these attributes are, in fact, rightly predicable of Butterflies.’

Still no answer.

which is somewhat one-sided at first.

‘An impression obtains among our own species,’ continued the Philosopher, ‘that you Butterflies are deficient in foresight and providence, to a remarkable, I might almost say, a culpable degree. Pardon me if I add that this suspicion is to some extent confirmed by my finding
you

you destitute of protection against imbriferous inclemency, under atmospheric conditions whose contingent humidity should be obvious to a being endowed with the most ordinary allotment of meteorological prevision.'

The Butterfly still left all the talk to the Philosopher. This was just what the latter desired.

'I greatly fear,' he continued, 'that the omission to which I have reluctantly adverted is, to a certain extent, typically characteristic of the entire political and social economy of the lepidopterous order. It has even been stated, though the circumstance appears scarcely credible, that your system of life does not include

include the accumulation of adequate resources against the inevitable exigencies of Winter.'

*The
insect's
retort.*

'What is Winter?' asked the Butterfly, and flew off without awaiting an answer.

The Philosopher remained for a moment speechless, whether from amazement at the Butterfly's nescience, or disgust at his ill-breeding. Recovering himself immediately, he shouted after the fugitive—

*The Philo-
sopher re-
sumeth.*

'Frivolous animal! It is this levity,' continued he, addressing a group of butterflies who had gradually assembled in the air, attracted by the conversation, 'It is this fatal levity that constrains me to wholly despair of the future of
you

you insects. That you should persistently remain at your present depressed level! That you should not immediately enter upon a process of self-development! Look at the Bee! How did she acquire her sting, think you? Why cannot you store up honey as she does?’

‘We cannot build cells,’ suggested a Butterfly.

‘And how did the Bee learn, do you suppose, unless by imbuing her mind with the elementary principles of mathematics? Know that time has been when the Bee was as incapable of architectural construction as yourselves, when both you and she alike were indiscriminable particles of primary protoplasm. (I suppose

*The Bee
as an
example.*

*Ex humili
potens.*

suppose you know what that is.) One has in process of time exalted itself to the cognition of mathematical truth, while the other—Pshaw! Now, really, my friends, I must beg you to take my observations in good part. I do not imply, of course, that any endeavour of yours in the direction I have indicated could benefit any of you personally, or any of your posterity for numberless generations. But I really do consider that, after a while, its effects would be very observable—that in twenty millions of years or so, provided no geological cataclysm supervened, you Butterflies, with your innate genius for mimicry, might be conformed, in all material respects,

to

to the hymenopterous model, or perhaps carry out the principle of development into novel and unheard-of directions. You should derive much encouragement from the beginning you have made already.'

'How a beginning?' inquired a Butterfly.

'I am alluding to your larval constitution as Caterpillars,' returned the Philosopher. 'Your advance upon that humiliating condition is, I admit, remarkable. I only wonder that it should not have proceeded much further; with such capacity for development, it is incomprehensible that you should so long have remained stationary. You ought to be all Toads by this time, at the very least.'

'I

The Butterflies repudiate their ancestry.

‘I beg your pardon,’ civilly interposed the Butterfly. ‘To *what* condition were you pleased to allude?’

‘To that of a Caterpillar,’ rejoined the Philosopher.

‘Caterpillar!’ echoed the Butterfly, and ‘Caterpillar’ tittered all his volatile companions, till the air seemed broken into little silvery waves of fairy laughter. ‘Caterpillar! he positively thinks we were once Caterpillars! He! he! he!’

‘Do you actually mean to say you don’t know that?’ responded the Philosopher, scandalised at the irreverence of the insects, but inwardly rejoicing at the prospect of a controversy in which he could not be worsted.

‘We

‘We know nothing of the fort,’ rejoined a Butterfly.

‘Can you possibly be plunged into such utter oblivion of your embryonic antecedents?’

‘We do not understand you. All we know is that we have always been Butterflies.’

‘Sir,’ said a large dull-looking Butterfly, with one wing in tatters, crawling from under a cabbage, and limping by reason of the deficiency of several legs, ‘let me entreat you not to deduce our scientific status from the inconsiderate assertions of the unthinking vulgar. I am proud to assure you that our race comprises many philosophical reasoners,—mostly, indeed, such as have been disabled by accidental injuries from joining in
the

*Philosophers
among
the Butterflies.*

the amusements of the rest. The Origin of our Species has always occupied a distinguished place in their investigations. It has on several occasions engaged the attention of our profoundest thinkers for not less than two consecutive minutes. There is hardly a quadruped on the land, a bird in the air, or a fish in the water, to which it has not been ascribed by some one at some time; but never, I am rejoiced to say, has any Butterfly ever dreamed of attributing it to the obnoxious thing to which you have so unaccountably made reference.'

'We should rather think not, chorussed all the Butterflies.

'Look here,' said the Philosopher, picking up and exhibit
in

ing a large hairy Caterpillar of very unprepossessing appearance. 'Look here, what do you call this?'

'An abnormal organisation,' said the scientific Butterfly.

'A nasty beast,' said the others.

'Heavens!' exclaimed the Philosopher, 'the obtuseness and arrogance of these creatures! No, my poor friend,' continued he, addressing the Caterpillar, 'disdain you as they may, and unpromising as your aspect certainly is at present, the time is at hand when you will prank it with the gayest of them all.'

'I cry you mercy,' rejoined the Caterpillar somewhat crossly, 'but I was digesting a gooseberry leaf when you lifted me
in

in that abrupt manner, and I did not quite follow your remarks. Did I understand you to mention my name in connection with those flutterers?’

‘I said the time would arrive when you would be even as they.’

Caterpillar the measure of all things.

‘I!’ exclaimed the Caterpillar, ‘I retrograde to the level of a Butterfly! Is not the Ideal of Creation imperfonated in me already?’

‘I was not aware of that,’ replied the Philosopher, ‘although,’ he added in a conciliatory tone, ‘far be it from me to deny you the possession of many interesting qualities.’

‘You probably refer to my agility?’ suggested the Caterpillar, ‘or perhaps to my abstemiousness.’

‘I was not referring to either,’
returned the Philosopher.

‘To my utility to mankind?’

‘Not by any manner of
means.’

‘To what then?’

‘Well, if you must know,
the best thing about you appears
to me to be the prospect you
enjoy of ultimately becoming a
Butterfly.’

The Caterpillar erected him-
self upon his tail, and looked
sternly at the Philosopher. The
Philosopher’s countenance fell.
A thrush, darting from an
adjacent tree, seized the oppor-
tunity and the insect, and bore
the latter away in his bill. At
the same moment, the shower
prognosticated by the sage, burst
forth, scattering the Butterflies
in all directions, drenching the
Philosopher,

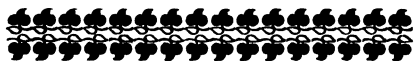
*The end
of the
fable.*

Philosopher, whose foresight had not assumed the shape of an umbrella, and spoiling his new hat. But he had ample consolation in the superiority of his head. And the Caterpillar was right too, for after all he never did become a Butterfly.

RICHARD GARNETT.







SELKIRK

and

The Yarrow.

I LEFT the city of our Scott,
And Princes Street with all its fashion,
The light that fell was warm and sweet
And full of summer's softest passion.
The huge black engine thundered on
Along its gleaming way so narrow ;
The ringing wheels beneath my feet
Sang, 'Ho ! for Selkirk and the
Yarrow.'

On either side upon the fields
The fresh young corn was sweetly
growing,
And poppies waving in the wind,
In all their red delight were blowing.
While

138 *Selkirk and the Yarrow.*

While nearer on the sloping bank,
The broom its brightest tints did
borrow,
But still I heard the engine's song,—
'Ho! ho! for Selkirk and the Yarrow!'

The hedges wore their sweetest green,
The trees stood deep in ample shadows;
And silver where the sunshine fell
The streams went tinkling through
the meadows.

The white clouds trailing in the sky
Stood still a moment in their winging,
To hear beneath the glorious lark
Shake all the spaces with his fingering.

But still above all sights and sounds,
The carriage with its sleepy swaying,
The roar and grind of wheel on rail,
The whistle for each signal playing,—
Above

Above them all I heard this song
Rife from our ringing way so narrow,
'Ho, ho, for Galashiels, and then
To Selkirk and the haunted Yarrow!'

By woods and meadows rich to see,
And banks where wilding flowers did
scatter

Their ever simple hues, we saw
The windings of the Gala Water.
And further on, the classic Tweed
Became its stately rushing marrow,
But still the song within my ear
Was 'Ho, for Selkirk and the Yarrow!'

Far down within the woods we saw—
A single peep, then all was over—
The Camelot, in whose sacred halls
Romance's fairy spirits hover,
And tip with light the Eildon Hills,
Until in fancy all the glory
Becomes a fun to lend each peak
The magic of the Wizard's story.

And

And I shall look on Yarrow stream,
Shall listen to its tender flowing,
Shall sit and dream by Newark Tower,
And drink the silence upward growing;
Shall think of songs sung long ago,
Old legends born of love and sorrow,
Shall live one day within the past,
And dream of Selkirk and the Yarrow.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.







From

YARROW

to

Edinburgh College

When the Century was young.

In John Scott, am Master
of the Olde Cart-
wright Dule (Dole),
familiarily named the Olde
Dule, an ancient Puritan
Foundation. It was endowed
in honour of Thomas Cart-
wright

*The
author
intro-
duceth
himself.*

*An
ancient
Founda-
tion: the
origin,*

wright—Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, for the bold setting forth of his principles, suffered hardship and imprisonment. He found refuge on the Continent, where he became the friend of grave scholars and divines; and of him Beza, the all-tactful, the erudite, the witty, wrote: ‘I think the sun doth not see a more learned man.’ To the Olde Dule other bequests have fallen in, notably that of ‘The Pleasaunce Field, and the two fair orchards bordering on the king’s highway, which goeth to Chelsea.’ This ground is now all covered with streets and houses. It was bequeathed by a contemporary and compatriot of George Heriot, the founder
of

of the Hospital in Edinburgh, on condition that, other matters being equal, the Master or Warden of the Dule should be a Scotsman. By this bequest, in these later days the revenue of the Dule has benefited greatly. It is not unwealthy: it gives modest pensions, with or without residence, to 'six olde Scholars to whom the World hath been sadde;' and it possesses a school not unfamed in the varied history of Nonconformity, and especially favoured by pupils of Scottish parentage in London. I have grown very old at my work within its walls, and every day it becomes more plain to me that, though I live with the present generation, I am not of it. My assistant and successor has relieved

*and
purposes
thereof.*

*Touching
the
author's
present
way of
life.*

*Thoughts
of an
auto-
biography.*

relieved me of the heavier duties, and I sit now more than ever in my own library—the inmost recess of the series of book-rooms which belong to the Foundation. This room is warm-hearthed, low-roofed, black-beamed, deep-windowed, heavy-doored, and oak-panelled in the places where books are not; these spaces are few. My books are all shelved within hand-reach. Of a surety it was a Philistine—an enemy to thought and to learning—who invented high book-ranges. Every man should be measured for his own book-height, as he is for his own clothes. Some thoughts have come to me as to writing an autobiography, but it will never be completed. There is no call of duty to urge
to

to it, and the fear—perhaps the morbid fear—of the over-use of the word ‘I’ hinders me. This is an age of committees and commissions, of editorials, and of partnerships, presumably even in ideas, and consequently there is a decay of individuality of character, and of thought.

Though not in the sense that Tennyson meant it, it is true of the times that ‘The individual withers, and the world is more and more.’ There is something both of cowardice and presumption in the everlasting WE. Literary self-consciousness has engendered a disease of moral autophobia, for ‘I’ is the one word that humanity has in common with Godhead revealed—the ‘I Am that I Am’ of the burning bush in Horeb.

*The
present
an age of
partner-
ships.*

• • I

* * * * *

A leave-taking.

I was interrupted here by one of our boys, who came up to bid me good-bye. He leaves on what is now practically a travelling scholarship, but was originally styled 'a sufficiency for one year's residence at Geneva, Leyden, or such other University beyond the sea, where, in the honest opinion of the Trusters, the science of sound divinity is taught in the Latin tongue.' It is needless to say that selection on either point has narrowed itself in these days into a grim impossibility. Under the difficulty, the Trusters remitted to the Warden to give a sound word of caution at leave-taking—which word I hastened to say thus :

Some precepts at parting.

thus :—‘Keep your eyes open, my lad, on the book of the world, as well as on the world of books. Keep your life pure. Keep the thought of Heaven in your heart, and a bit of home beside it. God blefs you—good-bye.’ We parted at the lower staircase, and as I came back to my room, it seemed to me, somehow, as if I had parted from myself in my far-off youth, for with one of these touches of unaccountable resemblance, the eyes seemed those of one whom I had ‘loved long since and lost a while.’

* * * * *

Go to, it is very hard work to be idle. Let me do something. I *will* write somewhat of my far-off youth and the old

old times. Let me not hurt the feelings of the living by being untender to the memory of the dead. I can keep the Ego in shadow, and my nephew and executor, the new Master, shall be charged not to publish unless he see good cause.

Yarrow.

‘For I was reared among the hills,
Within a Border home.’

There are memory pictures on the canvas of every man’s life that Time’s ‘effacing fingers’ cannot touch. The dark shadows of the years that have no record in them—we have all such years—throw certain days into marked relief—give, in fact, powerful Rembrandt effects of light in darkness

darkness, soft with wistful pleasure, or lurid with pained remorse. Every detail is etched in. Like the night-workers, busy before the vast furnaces in our black, brave, Iron Land, not a hand under the glare can be moved or an eye upturned unnoted or unseen.

The years of the century were few when I left home to become a student in the Edinburgh Old College. The day that had looked so far off—and so pleasant when afar off—when I was a boy at school was to dawn to-morrow. My box was away (we called it a ‘kift’ in Yarrow); it was made by the wright down at Philiphaugh, and it possessed a secret ‘shottle’ to hold my money,

*When
George
the Thira
was King.*

*Prepara-
tions.*

money, warranted to defy the coin-seeking instincts of the keenest thief in Edinburgh. The Borders thought lightly of the morality of large towns—once upon a time the case was entirely reversed. I had seen this kist, packed by my mother's hand, sent off in a cart to Selkirk, to be in time for the weekly ingoing of the Edinburgh carrier.

Unless when face to face with the exigencies of snow-storms—in which emergency all the fire of their hard-fighting and hard-riding ancestors comes to the front,—life on the pastoral farms of Yarrow falls on the most placid and the most pleasant of lines. But that day, to all at Shielhope, wore on to evening

evening in every phase of unrest—the very dogs did not lie down, but sat on their haunches wondering, waiting—eagerly waiting—for the usual summons to sympathise and help. The ‘Reading’ came; the paraphrase, ‘O, God of Bethel,’ was sung (there were still the thin brown separate books for the paraphrases in use with us in Yarrow), my father giving out the line in the reverend stately Scottish chant. I hear yet the sound of tears, in his usually firm voice, as he prays in the old words of the patriarch—‘The Angel that delivered me from all evil, bless the lad : from the utmost bound of the everlasting hills let blessings be on his head, and on the crown of the head of him that
is

*On the
eve of de-
parture.*

is separate from his brethren !' I awaken as if from a dream. I look over the large household kneeling, in the warm light of the great kitchen peat fire : the thought that *this* will be here to-morrow night, and the next night, and on and on, and that I shall be absent, drifts into my heart with a pang ; but I note, too, that Luathie, the old collie, has, at last, risen from his place, and is licking my father's hand.

*The
author
setteth
out on his
journey.*

The morning came—a beautiful morning in late autumn. The simple farewells are spoken ; there was little of effusiveness in old Border manners. 'I am glad ye are ridin', laddie,' said my mother ; and, as she spoke, she
passed

passed her hand over my hair. What true son does not know that touch of a mother's hand? 'Ay, mother, and hoo mony will be settin' oot on foot the day!' was all the answer that speech ventured upon. My father was to accompany me to Selkirk to give instructions concerning the bringing back of my horse, and, as he said, to fettle me into the journey. We rode away. There was a slight frost on the ground. It had been a late harvest, and a fore one to the arable farmer, but that morning it seemed as if the repentant sun was bent on flooding a double radiance of light on hill and stream; and every bush, tree, and meadow swathed in network of silver gossamer, looked quietly

quietly up as if rejoicing in his beams. We met no man, and we heard no sound save the click-click of our horse's feet, till we

'Passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower,'

when a robin broke the stillness of the morning, and poured forth his soul in song. It seemed as if the silence was pleased, and the solitary place made glad.

Involuntarily we both paused, and I turned and looked back. It was not as the 'Dowie Dens' that I was leaving the familiar fields, but as the 'bonny howms o' Yarrow,' and Robin's song was the voice of hopefulness and cheer. I would note,—and if

I

*The
robin's
song.*

I stray at times from the highway of my life-story, the gentle reader must pardon the wanderings of an old man, who has ever had a longing for byeways and shaded paths,—I would like to note here that old ballad and recent song, ancient minstrel and modern poet, dwell on this peculiarity of song richness in the birds of Yarrow. To this day, when returning a comparative stranger, this feature has ever been one of pleasurable and contented surprise. To me the notes of the southern nightingale do not equal those of the lark in the upper valleys near St. Mary's Loch. It is this sky-lark's song 'far up in the downy cloud,' above Blackhouse, on the Douglas Burn—the

*Song
richness
in the
birds of
Yarrow.*

the home-land of the old Black Douglasses—that was ringing in the ears of Hogg when he penned that finest of lyrics:—

‘Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o’er moorland and
lea!

Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place;
O to abide in the desert with thee!’

For the ten happiest years of his life he herded there with the father of Willie Laidlaw—the author of *Lucy’s Flittin’*,—each and all our good kindly neighbours further up Yarrow.

*The
family
of the
famous
Mungo
Park.*

In passing Newark we passed Foulshiels, where ‘the Auld Mistress’—the mother of Mungo Park,—also his wife and her bairnies three—were passing the weary days in anxious
waiting

waiting for tidings from our own African explorer; but long years had to pass before the fore hunger of suspense was to be changed into the certainty of sorrow. 'Ride quickly by, John,' said my father; 'I'll look in as I gang back. I hope the auld Mistress winna see us passing, for folk's thochts aye rin back to their ain, and it just looks like yesterday when Mungo went away in to the College like yerfel' the day. It was in echty-nine, if I mind richt, and a fair dour winter it turned oot.' Down we rode past the woods of Bowhill, glowing in the sunlight, but telling in their russet bareness that the year was growing old, and soon we reached Selkirk.

*The tale
of the
trees.*

The

*Tibbie
Elliot's
good-bye.*

The carrier's carts had left the afternoon before, but the carrier's guidwife—Tibbie Elliot—came to the door to say a kindly word of good speed. 'The orders about the horse—I see ye are riding, Captain,' said she,—'hae been wi' us mony a day, but last Sabbath, after the skailin' o' the meetin'-house, the Mistress gied me a' the instructions ower again while the cairt was yokin'. And,' continued she, addressing me, 'ye are to gang straight to the Candlemaker Raw, to oor quarters, and Wat himsel' has promised to take ye safe to Jiddin (Gideon) Johnstone's. The Sinton cairts are away in to the Loudons this morning for the winter coals, and they are giein' a cast to a
bit

bit fine student lad frae Ashkirk—black-a-vised, no very strong-looking. And John, lad,' added she, looking pawkily at me, 'ye'll hae to speak me fair; your mother is to leave your letters wi' me on the Sabbath mornins, and I *will* see that they are sent safe. The Post-office folk are gey gleg, and the Biggar carrier, that pits up alongside o' Wat, was fair fined last Candlemas. But I have stitched oor Wat's under-waist-coat back a' oot into parks, ilka ane wi' a buttoned flap. I pit twae three letters into each, and Wat says, what wi' mothers' letters and sweethearts' letters, he's aye weel happit ahint. And mind ye, Maister John,' she added firmly—I had never been named 'Maister' before

The rural Post.

Tibbie's advice.

before, but I regarded the change as a natural recognition of my new dignity as student—
'Mind ye, no that I think ye the ane to dae it—mind ye, never to send a compleenin' or a wheengin' message hame. The minister says that the eagle shakes up her nest to gar her young anes gang oot to fend for themsel's, and dootless it is a' necessary, and the way o' the world; but, losh me! the first bird that leaves the hame nest is a fair heart baith to them that bides and them that bouns, and far waur when it is the youngest that has to gang first and far. Guidbye.' We left. At Stow my father parted from me. He returned home, and I set my face to the outer world and my own future.

Up

Up Gala Water.

My journey was eventless. I met the Carlisle Royal Mail, sole public conveyance between Edinburgh and that town by way of Selkirk, Hawick, and Langholm. I also met the Kelso Fly, which in winter ran twice a week, and started from the White Horse Inn in the Canongate. There were three passengers in the first coach, and only one in the second. I met and also passed long *trings* of carriers' carts, to which, on the Gala Water roads, both old and new, was then relegated the transport of the infant manufactures of the Border districts—consisting of linen fully as much as of wool-

len

*Carriers'
Carts.*

len goods. They also carried the overplus of farmyard produce, which naturally gravitated to the capital.

Very varied indeed, I may notice, was the return load of these douce, honest vehicles—sagacity itself as regards man, horse, and stowage. To all Scotland not on seaboard, the carrier's cart then was the sole inland importer. I quote the following from a very homely way-bill—or rather a way-book :—‘ 3 chests tea (consignees various), a crate of glafs, another of pans and kettles, a bride's silver tea-spoons, a cask of sherry wine, another of train-oil, a bale of Edinburgh shawls, a hoghead of sugar, 2 wigs, a grate, 2 Leghorn bonnets,’ destined doubtless

An amusing way-bill.

doubtless to extinguish all country-constructed head-gear ; and last, but not least important, three parcels of books, with a few weekly newspapers, then, as regards size, and certainly as regarded independent thought, also in their infancy.

The career of a newspaper going up Yarrow in those days, after being read in Selkirk, was a history in itself, from the time that the Mistress of Foulshiels, sitting in the 'kirk cairt,' deposited it in her ample side-pocket,—in order, she avowed, 'to keep folk oot o' temptation till the morn's morning,'—till it came back at the close of the week to Yeben Currie at the smithy, who, with the view to eventual proprietorship, elected to be the latest reader.

As

*Career of
a news-
paper in
Yarrow.*

As to books, I remember as if it were yesterday the arrival of Sir Walter Scott's first poem, and how it—the Shirra's new book, that glorified our Yarrow—was read aloud, and only finished at midnight. It was in the spring of 1805, the year after the False Alarm, when the Borders were in the full after-glow of patriotism and high-heartedness evoked by that rekindling of the old bale-fires. Even in my journey to College this latter event had its share. I did not stop at any of the inns on Gala Water, but waited till I got to Dalkeith. That town had been, and still continued to be, the appointed rendezvous of the Selkirkshire Ycomanry—'The Duke's Benty-neckit Troop;' and at the
Cross

Crofs Keys Inn I thought it right that Captain should get his corn, because there he had got his name for having spanned foremost in that swift swinging far morning ride, of which, as a Selkirkshire man, I am proud even to this day.

My first fight of Edinburgh was by lamp-light—oil lamps, it is true—but the fight was wonderful to me. I dismounted, led Captain by the bridle, and, by civil answers to persistent asking, at length arrived at the comfortable inn of Mrs. Paterfon, in the Candlemaker Row. That worthy dame was also owner of the Jedburgh Coach, and, as I came to the door, was engaged in booking an inside passage for Dr. Somerville,

*First fight
of Edin-
burgh.*

*Mrs.
Paterfon's
Inn.*

*Concern-
ing that
worthy
dame.*

ville, the well-known minister and social historian of that parish, who, moved by courtesy, —not perhaps untinctured with the sense of expediency— was standing bare-headed, hat in hand, before her. Of a certainty no Salique law obtained in that inn. I found her afterwards to be an autocrat of the very best kind, ruling house and stables, man-servants and woman-servants —ay, and the stranger within her gates—by virtue of an adaptable manner, a kindly heart, snell sayings, and a very firm hand. With Charlie Elliot—Wat's son and chief assistant—I went and saw Captain put up in the long, warm inn stable. I will not say that my eyes were exactly dry

dry as I gave a 'hiddlins' clap to his bonny grey mane. After a fell feint at eating some food, I set out with Wat himself for my own new quarters.

Barringer's Close.

My destination in Edinburgh was a house at the foot of Barringer's Close—one of the many closes or lanes on the north side of the High Street, between the North Bridge and Leith Wynd. The neighbourhood of Paterson's Inn in Candlemaker Row has been transformed in the changes caused by the erection of George IV. Bridge, in 1836; and our road that evening was along the Cowgate, and
up

*The
Author's
destina-
tion.*

*Of two
comfort-
able folk.*

up Blackfriars Wynd to the High Street. Wat carried a small lantern, and talked busily but quietly all the way, mixing warning as to the dangers attending youth in city life with information concerning the antecedents of Jiddin and Janet Johnstone.

Jiddin and Janet, he told me, were elderly folk, and mair than comfortable as to world's gear. Jiddin originally came from the Hawick *airt*. As a boy he had shown an early genius for mechanics and drawing, and his father—a farm grieve—‘a very *foresichty* man,’ remarked Wat, ‘had bound him prentice to the *wrycht* trade at Selkirk.’ This was an easy matter, as in those days apprentices and un-

married

married journeymen were boarded and lodged by their employers. He had then gone to Edinburgh, and worked with Janet's father — the Deacon of the Wrights— 'landlord of his ain house, and others forbye, and a pompous body ;—but, losh me, the man *was* a Deacon !' Jiddin and Janet had drawn up, and queried Wat, stoutly—'What for no ?' The old man, however, was obdurate, and would listen to neither sense nor reason. They had waited fourteen years—'as lang,' said Wat, 'as Jacob waited for Rachel ; but fourteen years is a lang time oot o' a body's pilgrimage when you havena a patriarch's lang life to fa' back on.'

They

*As Jacob
waited for
Rachel.*

*A bairn's
request;*

They were married at last, and to the middle-aged people was born one daughter. They named her Marion, the 'bonniest bairn and the gentiest' that Wat had ever seen. 'She had sic truthfu' een—quiet-like, ower thocht-fu' for a bairn, and as deep and as blue as a loch far away among the hills.' One day he had asked her what he would fetch her from Selkirk, and she had answered, 'Some red-cheekit gowans.' Wat had fetched her the gowans, and had found her ill, but able to smile up at him, and clap his big brown hand with her 'wee white *feet* fingers.' The illness deepened into scarlet fever; the disease seized on the throat, and she died. Many weeks later,

later, Janet had come with a little pitcher. She wanted some gowan-roots from the same place, 'and,' said Wat, 'weel I kent what they were for. Ay, ay,' he added, 'that's a' by ten years syne, and the world has gane weel wi' Jiddin Johnstone. He does naething noo but draw, and look after other folk workin'.'

and her mother's.

'He cam' oot last simmer wi' the Duke's Chamberlain to Bowhill about some wark, and he stayed wi' us. Charlie and he buffed some hooks and went off to the fishin' thegither. He came back at nicht jist uncommon bricht, that his hand hadna forgot its cunning — and, speakin' o' flee-hooks, it is an everlastin' meeracle to me hoo fishin' does hearten up a fisher.

*How fish-
ing can
hearten up
a fisher.*

fisher. Janet, he said, was very weel, but unco quiet. He is brother's bairn to Tibbie, fae she minded that I was to seek an up-pittin for you ower against November; and then she point-blank asked if it wouldna be as guid for Janet as it would be for you, that ye suld bide wi' them. He said little at the time, but the next week, when I got back to the town, Janet came ower yince-errand to say, that she would like ye to come, as it would be company for Jiddin, and that ye could see at least how things forgathered, to the end o' the year; and I think Tibbie has done a guid turn on the quiet baith to you and to them. I bargained that ye were aye to hae your ain room.

*For their
common
weal.*

room. Jiddin is a wee thing peremptor; but Janet is bias canny, deft-handed, and grand at auld-warld stories, if ye want to crack,—not to say, for yae moment,' added Wat loyally, 'that she could stand in oor Tibbie's shoon, to serve and pleasure the public; but ye ken—at least ye'll ken by and by—that there are diversities o' gifts among women, as weel as among apostles. I would say, however, that Janet is jist the kind o' woman to be aboot a hoose, when a man wants to read buiks, and has to make his livin' by it.'

Here we crossed the High Street, and entered Barringer's Close. When half-way down, the noise of a window opening attracted the attention of my guide,

Old Edinburgh by night;

*one of its
startling
customs.*

guide, who instantly shouted, 'Haud yer hand!' and held up his lantern. 'Folk hae nae richt,' he explained, 'to fling onything oot afore the beat o' the High Street drum at ten o'clock. If onybody is wilfu' thereoot after that, he maun just take what's flung at him, so mind and keep elders' hours; for if cleanliness is next to godliness, I am perfectly sure that dirt is next to the deevil. I saw ye wonderin' at my bit bowat as we cam away,' he continued. 'It is true aneuch that the main streets o' the toun are brawly lichtit—nae place in the warld better—but catch Wat Elliot ganging doon yin o' thir closes after dark without a lantern, though I got into the way o' usin' it
for

for readin' the addressee on parcels.

'Here's the stair-fit,' continued he, 'it is a newel stair—let me gang first wi' the licht, or ye micht as weel try to climb Minchmoor at midnight. The hoose is on the fifth story—a fine hoose when ye are yince up intil't. It has the grandest view frae the far end windows. Ye see the Calton Craigs comin' wi' yae sweep doon to the Nor' Back—and then there's the College Kirk, and Leddy Glenorchy's Kirk, and the Orphan Hospital, and the Trinity Hospital, wi' the auld wifies baskin' oot in the sun in the simmer-time, wi' their white toy mutches on. And there's Canal Street, where canal never cam', let alane the

*A house
on the
fifth story.*

*Volun-
teers on
drill.*

the auld Pheefic Gairdens.
They flitted a' the flowers
and trees away to Leith Walk,
ayont Gayfield, afore my day—
and the place is jist a howlin'
wilderness—but there's bonny
gairdens at the fit o' the close,
wi' apple and pear trees in
them. Sergeant Gould gies the
awkward squad o' the Volun-
teers a bit lesson there on the
quiet, at the back o' his ain
hoofe—though deil a bit o'
quiet there's about it. I heard
him, and a' the Nether Bow
could hear him, roarin' like a
bull o' Bashan. I looket oot
o' Janet's kitchen window, and
there was the Sergeant, wi'
his famous bonfire nose, drillin'
—weel, we'll no *say* provosts
and professors—nor even mint
at the goons they wear—
“Speak

“Speak not evil o’ dignities,” says the apostle,—only they didna seem to ken their richt hand frae their left, nor even what end they were stannin’ on. Short men, John, a yaird acrofs the back, wi’ corporations conform, should never take to fodgerin’—but, oh man, that het day they were willin’, willin’. Guid as the view oot o’ the windows is yet, it’s naething to what it was yince,’ added Wat; ‘the Deacon—Janet’s faither—was aye wild at the buildin’ o’ the North Brig—let alane the Mound—for shuttin’ him in frae the west. In his young days he used to see the sun set a’ the way up the Nor’ Loch.

‘It is a clean stair,’ continued Wat, as we progressed in our ascent,

Regarding certain disqualifications for a martial life.

*Some very
respectable
neigh-
bours.*

ascent, 'and they are a' mair than sponfible folk that bide in it. Bailie Smith leeves below, but he enters frae Chalmers' Close on the other side. Auld "Kinky," the writer, leeves on the tap flat. Folk say he is the best teller o' a story in a' the Parliament Close, and *that* is no sayin' little, mair ways than yin. Twae auld leddies—real leddies—Leddy Betty Pringle and Miss Mally Murray—stay but and ben, on the same stair-head wi' Jiddin, and are his tenants. My faither used to tell that he rode, as servin'-man, ahint Miss Mally when she cam' in to Edinburgh the year afore the '45. I whiles bring them in compliments o' muirfool sent frae the Haining, and even frae Arniston itsel'.'

At

At the top of the fifth flight of this turnpike stair—similar in construction to the stairs in the peel towers on the Border—Wat at length paused, and tirmed at the risp. The door was opened, and we were pleasantly and quietly welcomed by the master and mistress of the house. To this day I can recall every detail of the apartment into which we entered. I use the word apartment advisedly, for I never could settle whether it was a kitchen that was a room, or a room that was a kitchen; it suggested the ease and the comforts of both. It was fairly-sized, warm, very light in contrast with the darkness which we had left, faultlessly clean, and gave one the
impression

*The new
quarters.*

impression, from its quaint furniture, and its wealth of ship-cabin-like conveniences, that it had been long in the intelligent occupation of ingenious and artistic handicraftsmen. Some other time I may write about its details, but that night I only watched Janet's face from the light given by the carrier's story. It was a fine face, firm, and not without dignity in the look of the steady, quiet eye—a face which told of sorrow and endurance which had ended, not in fretfulness, but in a large sympathy with the sorrows and, rarer still, with the joys of all around.

The conversation was principally carried on by Jiddin and Wat. The latter, however, soon

soon rose, for he had business, he said, with Bailie Smith, round in the next close. A pair of wrought-iron gates were to be taken out to the South country, — would Jiddin come with him, and give his suggestions as to carriage? After they left, Janet showed me the room that was to be mine, saying, ‘We kent you were to be here the night, and your mother will be missing you fair at hame. I put on a fire; it feels like a friend in a strange place. — And this is where you sleep,’ she added, opening a door; ‘the closet only holds a bed—it is what we town’s-folk call an “ootshot,” but it has a wee hinged window placed high up. You can look up at the stars above the Calton Hill wi’ your head upon

*The
author is
shown his
room.*

upon the pillow ; but you had better “rest ye”—ye’ll be tired, and the morn’s before ye. Guid-nicht.’

*A mixed
vernacu-
lar.*

Perhaps I should note here that the old Deacon had given to Janet—his only child—all the English education that Edinburgh in the eighteenth century could give to a woman. Sometimes she spoke the Nether Bow vernacular of her childhood ; at others she used the English of her girlhood, softened, however, by a Scottish accent daintily sweet, and the use of expressive Scottish words,—a language which, though mixed, falls softly on the ear from old lips. I left all varieties of this mixed tongue in educated Edinburgh ; doubtless they may abide there unto this day.

The

The College.

The next day I matriculated as an Arts student in the University, and joined the class of Professor (Alexander) Christison in Latin, and in Greek that of Professor Dunbar. At that time the College, as a building, was neither the College of the past, nor yet that of the present day. It was in a state of transition. Part of the quadrangle had been built after the original design by Adam;* but on the south side was a row of old houses, one story and

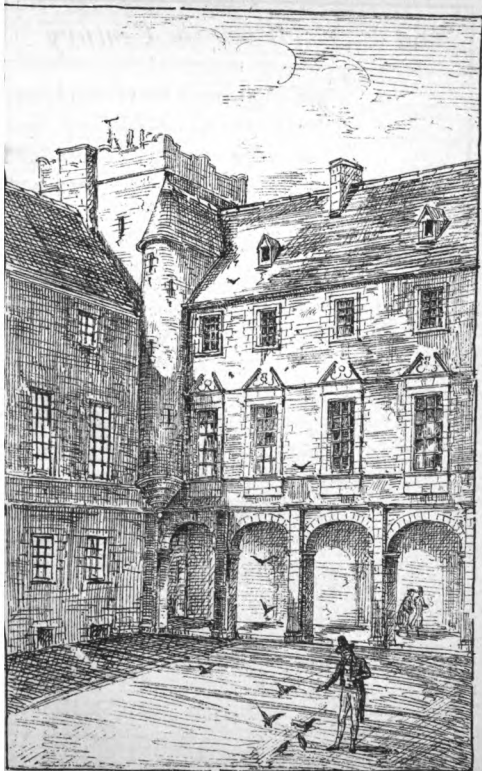
*Matriculation.**The college buildings of those days.*

* There is in the East Book Room of the Olde Dule a presentation copy of 'The Works in Architecture of R. and J. Adam, London 1773,' inscribed with the names of both Robert and James Adam. Also a framed drawing of the Adelphi Buildings in half

half high, with storm windows, which in all probability had seen the day of Principal Rollock. At the very entrance to the quadrangle was the old library, which, beside its stately furroundings, looked like an old country house that had strayed and lost its way. A flock of starlings built their nests among the unfinished pediments, and both professors and students fed them with bits of bread. I used to get corn for them from Charlie Elliot every week when I went to the Candlemaker Row. The birds had grown wise, and knew their feeding-time, and came down then with a swift rush,—

the Strand, which, being the design of both brothers, was named Adelphi in their honour.

much



much the same as the pigeons do at the Guildhall, and in the great square of St. Mark at Venice, to this day.

As to my own feelings, it is usual (in books especially) for a young student, as he enters the University gates, to have lofty aspirations, high resolve, and glowing thoughts as to work and fame in the far-off future. To me these came in certain fashion after a season, and I pity the old age—withered, dust-dried, fossilised—of a man whose youth has never known the light of that vernal land on which no shadow falls,

‘ Where younger heart nursed larger
hopes
Of bounties that the years should
bring,—
Nor dreamed of all the care and all
the warfaring.’

But

*Of the
utter
loneliness
of Edin-
burgh
Student
life.*

But the first weeks of my life in Edinburgh College chill me yet with a memory of utter loneliness. I did not know a living being within its walls. The massive stone-work numbed my very soul. The silence of the hills I had left was full of voices to me, but the roar of the city, with its crowded life, gazing at me with eyes that always looked past mine, was wordless and dumb. Work remained, and I did work, for I belonged to a race that had worked on the square,—the square! rather on the cube. And yet, many might say (I said it foundly to myself) that my lot was favoured. A thrifty sufficiency, as regards money at least, was mine—not the narrow means of others. How
narrow

narrow—how very, very narrow I have known those means to be! It would have been better if that firm bargain as to a separate room had been left unspoken, for that room's silence in that quiet house grew almost tangible. In my opinion and remembrance, this possible isolation is the one weak point—the Achilles' heel—in the otherwise bracing system of Scottish College life. Its endurance has made me tender all my days with the lonesome. I remember, even as Moses did when he named his first-born Gershom, that I also have been a stranger in a strange land.

But the weather changed, and brought changes. A snow-storm set in towards the end of December. The shepherd meteorologists

*The weak
point in
the system.*

*Of snow-
flakes.*

meteorologists of the Borders recognised four kinds of snowflakes—Harefoot, Birdwing, Poppler and Sparevvil. If the first snowstorm of the year was Harefoot, it betokened the storms of an old-fashioned winter. Harefoot flakes had fallen on Edinburgh College all night and all morning, and, though the sun had blinked out, it was evident that more snowflakes were coming.

*How the
fight
began.*

I stood that day on the pavement, and was in the act of placing my class-books and Sir John Mandeville's *Lands* in the 'neuk' of my shepherd's maud, when I saw a stage-coach come in sight, driving heavily. It passed the College entrance, when, as if by concerted signal, while the guard blew a long

long, loud, defiant blast on his horn, the outside passengers delivered a volley of snowballs into the crowd of students who were thronging out of the gate. It was a short-sighted action, for snowball ammunition on the top of a stage-coach is necessarily limited. Another moment, and the street was darkened by the return charge,—snowballs from behind, and snowballs in front, snowballs to the right, and snowballs to the left. The guard's hat went far over the horses' heads, and the head-gear of the coachman and of the passengers followed in various pursuit; the glass windows were broken; a vociferating visage, purple of hue, was seen for one moment, to disappear the next,—and ball after

after ball went into the holes of the broken glass with a precision, a swiftness, and a glee, thrilling to the heart of a marksman.

The coachman held to his reins, and it was fortunate the horses had much of the spirit taken out of them with the heavy roads. In a wild way he tried to lash out with his whip : but it was no use. The enemy was everywhere in full pursuit, and the coach of the defiant blast, with its foolish freight, passed the Tron Church bruised, broken, battered and beaten. Joyously we turned back to find that matters had wondrously developed in our absence, and, as we reached the College, the air seemed almost thick with snowballs.

A battle royal was raging,
and

and this time against mettle — let me say it now — to the full as good as our own. It was the trades' dinner-hour ; and we saw them—apprentices and young journeymen—pouring up from the Graßmarket and the Cowgate, gathering their snowballs and kneading them as they ran. Hitherto I had been fighting like David in Saul's armour ; but to run with my plaid and Sir John Mandeville into Miss Swinton's—a mantua-maker on the South Bridge, who long rejoiced in a good south-country connection,—was but the thought and the action of a moment, and then I was back in the thick of it, blood on fire, and every nerve tingling with a new, strange joy.

The battle consisted of charges
and

*Reinforce-
ments for
the foe.*

*In the
thick of it.*

*Concern-
ing
Britain's
martial
greatness
in those
days.*

and counter charges as regards each main body. Once we were driven half-way up the quadrangle, and again we drove the enemy as far back as Hill Place, then in course of erection—every man fighting with his whole heart and soul, and strength and hands. How could it be otherwise? Great Britain at that time was not only challenging all the history of modern nations, she was paling and dwarfing even the deeds of ancient Greece and Rome. Nelson was dead—his Edinburgh monument had been finished that year on the Calton Hill—but the glories of the Nile, and Copenhagen, and Trafalgar were a national inheritance. Wellington had but gone to the Peninsula, and
already

already Vimiera and Talavera were the earnest of the British army's glory and its leader's future.

How immovably firm was our belief in both! Did not all the churches pray for the success of the British arms, and were not the prayers answered, and did we not return and give God thanks! True, there was no other Samaritan among the nations particularly thankful at that time; but we were honestly grateful, and, in the best way we could, tried to dry the orphan's tear and soothe the widow's woe. The country lived at high war-level, militant and exultant. All this was superadded to the normal instincts for fighting born in man, hence—these snowballs.

In

*Anxiety
in the
household.*

In the meantime, as I afterwards learned, grave searchings of thought as to my non-appearance had arisen at Barringer's Close. Jiddin had come home behind time, and out of sorts; some of his *people* had not come in, owing to a 'college snaw-ba' bicker.' 'Maister John will no be in it, surely,' said Janet tentatively; 'he is ower quiet.' 'What, Janet!' rejoined Jiddin, 'it's ill to say whae is quiet. When was he in?' 'About eleven o'clock,' answered Janet; 'but he's come o' ower guid folk—' 'Guid folk!' interjected Jiddin. 'Whae says that the guid and the godly canna fecht? Scottish bluid is het, and Scottish Border bluid, if onything, is hetter; but wi' a waught o' the Covenant added!

—ay,

—ay, *that* fechtin' mixture should be strong, and stout, and dour. It makes a' the difference, Janet, my woman, when a man thinks he has got principle in his sword-arm, or even in his nieves. Onyhow the lad wouldna be the waur o' a bit shakin'. What time was he to be back?' 'He comes in regular after one o'clock,' answered Janet. 'And it is past three noo,' rejoined Jiddin; 'gie me my hat. Surely, hinny,' he added, 'ye dinna think that I'm gaun to fecht at my time o' life, or take to snaw-ba'in'—get your ain four-hours ready, and I'll fune fend him hame. "If ye take other folks' bairns into your bosom, they are fure to creep oot at your elbow,"—*That* proverb is true,' said Jiddin,

*A true
proverb.*

Jiddin, as he hastened down the round-about stair.

At the College, meanwhile, the fight was waging fast and furious. The merchants and shopkeepers in the district had all put on their shutters, and were peering out at the fight from the little windows above their doors—a curiosity not without danger, for glass was crashing and jingling in all directions. Again and again did our leader, Archie Biggar, silently elected but intuitively acknowledged—make heavy onset against Portsburgh Tam ; and as often did Portsburgh Tam, loin-girt with farrier leather apron, followed by his motley squadrons—a phalanx of eager-set faces at white heat—repel the assault and return the charge. It was a
very

very Shirra-Muir of bickers—
a drawn battle ; and doubtless
would have ended as did that
memorable field, by each side
claiming the victory—

‘ Some say that we wan ;

Some say that they wan ;

And some say that nane wan at a’, man,’

when, just as darkness was
setting in, the Town Guard
appeared on the scene.

The city regiment, headed by
Captain Burnet—the greatest
captain of the age (he weighed
nineteen stone)—was received
with a howl of execration from
both sides, and swift was the
alliance that was made in
presence of the common foe.
Archie and Portsburgh Tam
faced each right-about to the
north, and stood side by side.
Their followers promptly fol-
lowed ;

*Showing
how foes
may be-
come
trusty
allies.*

lowed ; but, just as the first storm of confederate snowballs fell, I was seized by a firm hand. It was Jiddin. 'Maister John,' said he, 'you'll jist come hame.' 'The play is a' played oot that has a shadow o' self-respeck in it. I have stood near ye for the last ten meenutes. I wadna affront ye afore your neebours as lang as it was a fair stand-up fecht, but it's no for your faither's son and a future minister to mell wi' a Toon's Rat. They never fecht strecht. They dae naething but gie great clamhewits wi' their pole-axes, as if a human being was a fed ox. They think o' naething but o' takin' prifoners, and wi' them the weakest aye gangs first to the wa'. Look
at

at *that*,' he added. I looked, and certainly saw two able-bodied soldiers carrying away a very small apprentice lad, whose black, tousy, terrier-eyed face had that day been ubiquitous, and who, game to the last, had raised his hand—with a snowball in it—against the majesty of the Chief Captain.

I was resentful, and looked it; for Jiddin's words grew stern. 'I am a law-abidin' citizen, Maister John,' he said, 'and while you are under my roof and randle tree, you maun be the same. Law is the glory of free men; fules and slaves only are lawless. Janet sent me for you, so come away. There's Professor Hamilton's chair comin' oot o' the Infirmary gate,' he added
more

*Jiddin
John-
stone's
counsel.*

*An urgent
case.*

more pleasantly ; ‘the chairmen are hurrying. We’ll slip door the High Schule Wynd ahint them, and get the licht o’ their link, for the roads are like gless.’ I followed—not quickly. We found the wynd guarded, and entry barred by one of the town soldiers, who ordered us to turn back, and go by the main street. ‘You must let me past,’ said the Professor ; ‘I have to go to Clockmill House—it is an urgent case—an express messenger has followed me here from my house, the South Bridge is crowded—there’s no time to lose. Mr. Johnstone,’ he continued, ‘can you help me here?—I really must get past.’ ‘Ye had better let the Doctor by ; somebody’s fireside is in peril,’ said Jiddin to the soldier ; ‘and ye ken ye’re

ye're breakin' an auld Scottish law in stopping *bim*. We will gang back if ye like, though I dinna see what for.' Meanwhile, the chairmen edged round the sedan, and prepared to take the situation with a rush. The guard raised the Lochaber axe to hinder ;—it fell—fortunately on its flat side—not on the Professor, or on any of his procession, but—on the broad shoulders of Jiddin Johnstone ! In one moment the obnoxious weapon was clattering down the frost-bitten causeway ;—in another, the law-abiding citizen had grasped the guardian of the public peace, and thrown him heavily in true Bewcastle style. The Professor expressed the most rapid thanks. ' You are not hurt ? no—that is well—
but

*Jiddin's
practice
differeth
from his
precept.*

but not the less you have done this for me. Before I sleep to-night this wretched state of matters shall be laid before the Magistrates—and they speak to me of *my* students! Good-bye, he added; ‘meet me in the Exchange Square to-morrow, a little before ten o’clock. Now, Donalds, do your best.’ He hurried into his chair, and away went the men, half running, half sliding down the slippy wynd. We followed quickly. ‘Jiddin,’ I asked as we rounded the corner of Blackfriars Wynd, ‘Jiddin, where did ye learn that grand fa’?’ ‘Lang syne, when I was young,’ was the answer. ‘I feucht Rob Rivven (Ruthven) o’ Yetholm three different years at the Hawick Common Riding

*How
Jiddin
learned
‘the fa’.*

Riding till I fand it oot ; but I never thocht the auld Adam in me would ever make me fecht again or need it more.' 'The auld Adam,' I echoed ; 'the *yauld* Adam, ye mean, Jiddin !' for nothing delights young manhood more than unexpected power in a trial of physical strength, and there are few elderly men who are not proud to retain the consciofness of the prowess of their youth. He left me at the head of the close. 'Tell nothing, good or ill, to Janet,' said he ; 'I'm gaun round to see Bailie Smith about this businefs, and I may be late.'

Fortunately, I found Janet occupied with household troubles ; some of the chimney-stalk gearing had been blown down in the storm. 'Can you study

*A fortunate mis-
hap.*

study ben in the kitchen, Maister John?' she asked; 'for naebody can have the heart to send either tron-man or sclaiter to the roof till after the break o' the storm. Will the spinning-wheel no disturb ye? I never speak when Jiddin's thinking.' 'I will like it far better than ben the hoose the now,' I answered. 'My mother spins—they all spin at home. And as to speaking, I will work hard, and then we will have a rest; you will tell me about Mary King's Close, or some o' the Deacon's stories about the Magdalen Chapel—how the body of Argyll was sweeled in linen at the "deid o' nicht," and no one knew till the morning; or how your father saw Prince Charlie ride through the Netherbow

Bow Port.' 'That will I,' said Janet, perfectly satisfied. 'And wae's me,' she added, 'there's puir auld Mifs Mally ben the hoose—she danced wi' *him* that nicht at Holyrood, and has worn a lock o' his bonnie yellow hair round her neck, in a garland brooch, a' the weary years sin syne.'

I sat down on the Deacon's armed resting-seat, by the side of the wide fire-place, with the conviction that I would stay. This father of Janet's had been a keen antiquarian—an authority as to stories and traditions; a gatherer of quaint sayings and queer proverbs, old ballads, and folk-lore. This literature takes a strange hold on some natures; and to his bequeathed wisdom and chronicles,

cles, given in Janet's words, I listened on and on, all through my student years, and went and looked again and again—and often, at the ancient houses, till the story of the old city became my own.

Back to Yarrow.

*The sequel
to the
snow fight.*

That snowy evening, 'while a wild nor'-easter blew,' many a worthy citizen was brought out from the bosom of his family to bail the delinquents. Next morning Professor Hamilton kept his appointment with Jiddin, and with him came Principal Baird. The obstruction and the assault with the Lochaber axe were described to the authorities in grave colours. The result was that a severe reprimand was given (in

(in private) to Captain Burnet and the Town Guard. 'The Watch should offend no man' was gracefully quoted from Shakespeare by the Professor; but sorely weighty—and, as the later years showed, not unprophetic—were the words of magisterial rebuke, 'If you and your men, Captain Burnet, dinna mend your ways, it is plain to me in these days o' new-fangled Police Bills that the Auld Toun Guard o' Edinburgh will sune be deid and buried—drinkin' its ain dirgie—and—you will only have yourselves to blame!' This disgrace of the Town Guard helped the cause of the students and the trades' lads. It weakened the opposing evidence, and it has ever been my suspicion that both the Professor and Jiddin
aimed

A magisterial rebuke.

aimed at this. It was proved incontestably that the stage-coach was the first transgressor; and the original complainer—the inside passenger of the purple face—did not appear. Under the circumstances all parties were dismissed with an admonition. The public admonition was dignified—it was as the voice of Johnson the Dictator, in its allusions to the eye of authority, the well-being of society, the paths of virtue, and the outraged dignity of the law. It was a speech kept in memory as good stock, and frequently heard (with slight but suitable alterations) in court and elsewhere in those days.

The after words spoken off the bench were more noteworthy. ‘*If*,’ said the worthy Bailie,
‘*If*’

‘IF a’ you lads, when you feel the fechtin’ fit comin’ on, would only gang doon to the auld bed o’ the Nor’ Loch—the place yin would think had been ordained and drained for the very purpose,—and no stop the trade and traffic o’ the toun wi’ breakin’ the peace, it is lang ere ony o’ us would ever find faut. The Auld Toon and the New Toon callants hae fand it oot—they paik yin another wi’ sticks, and they peeble yin another wi’ stanes, and take their hearts’ content o’ pleefure there, and naebody but themfels is either the wiser or the waur. But,’ he continued, turning from the late combatants, ‘it is a vouchsafed mercy that things are as weel as they are. Had that wild M’Craw o’ a Toun Guard

The sage and memorable words of the worthy Bailie.

*Pleasant
days.*

*The
Session is
ended.*

Guard cloured Dr. Hamilton, we could never hae held up oor face afore the world again.' Archie Campbell, the sagacious and famed town officer, gravely shook his head by way of general civic assent to what admitted of no reply.

So it all ended. And now it happened, after that snow-storm, that the Edinburgh days passed pleasantly to me ; they bear no special record. The spring came, and the College session ended. I had no place in the regular class honours, but for an essay on 'Cincinnatus' I was awarded a prize ; Professor Christison adding some words of special commendation to a description of pastoral hill scenery, which the writer held was the fit home surrounding
of

of 'men who would not suffer their native soil to be sullied with the footprints of a foe.' The Professor himself had once been a herd-boy on the Lammermuir Hills. How very large did this prize, and the special words of praise, bulk in the estimation of all the home folks at Shielhope! In Barringer's Close, Janet was pleased, and Jiddin satisfied.

I walked home, as did three-fourths of the students at that time. With me went the student from Ashkirk, of whom Tibbie Elliot had spoken that morning when I left Selkirk. He and I had soon met when seeking our respective home letters at the carrier's. It was his first year at College as it was mine, and he became my friend,
and

*Home-
wards.*

*A College
friend.*

*Death's
first call.*

and I was his till College years were left behind. What *that* means in student life let the aged remember, and let the young rejoice in with the joy of youth.

But he left me soon—he fell on the very threshold of a life of usefulness, widening into success, and deepening into true fame. It was my first death-grief. Long years after, when Tennyson's *In Memoriam* came, I leant my brow upon its pages, and gave thanks that a kindred sorrow had found words to express itself in song to those whose thoughts and yearnings and questionings were dumb. But the problem itself remains; it will only find solution in God's own land, where I shall know even as also I am known.

It was the strange semblance of *his* eyes, seeming again to look into mine, as I parted from the lad at the foot
of

of the staircase, that has led me to write of these old days. But there was no thought of death or sorrow that glad spring-time, when he and I tramped together joyously down Gala Water. We reached Selkirk in the evening; the next day he went to Ashkirk, and I went home to Shielhope, and heard again the sound of Yarrow.

* * * * *

The sound of Yarrow has never left me in all my wanderings, but it comes now—not with its story of Spring, but with the rustle of Autumn leaves, when these are few—saying that the Summer is past, and the Harvest is ended. I sometimes wonder if the dead hear its voice as they lie in the restful churchyard beneath the shadow of the quiet hills. My people sleep there, and there will I be buried.

ALISON HAY DUNLOP.

*Still and
ever of
Yarrow.*





CARLYLE.

CARLYLE is strong to rouse by a tremendous moral force, and to startle by vivid and striking pictures ; but he has neither wisdom to guide those whom he has roused, nor sobriety to tone his pictures down to reality. He is fond of talking about veracity ; but he habitually revels in exaggeration, and one-sided presentation, which is more than half a lie.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Μηδὲν ἄγαν.—BIAS.



YOUTH.

YOUTH with the frank open face,
Youth with the fearless eye,
Strength compacted with grace,
Brave, and yet modest, and shy,
Eager in search of the Truth,
Staunch to stand by the right,
Confident, careless youth,
Girding with joy for the fight !

What would I give to be
Young again now like you—
Breasting the summer sea,
Brushing the early dew,
Seeking the nestling birds,
Fishing the quiet stream,
Hearing the first low words
Whispered in love's young dream ?

O for

O for the friends I had then,
The walks and the keen debates
Of books and of things and of men,
And cities and churches and states !
O for the visions that grew
From the lore of the ancient days,
And the wonders that burst on our view
Where science was guiding our ways !
Ever-sweet spring of our time,
Searching the world with its roots,
Breaking in leafage of rhyme,
Wrapping in blossom its fruits !
What are the rich and the great
Venal poets have sung ?
What is the pride of their state
Compared with the wealth of the young ?
Possible triumphs of thought,
Possible splendours of fame,
Possible glories that nought
Ever may tarnish with shame :
Possible all unto you,
Hope in the future hath seen—
Only be manly and true,
And keep the heart pure and clean.

WALTER SMITH.



WPA



AFTER PARTING :

TO A FRIEND.

LIKE one who gleans a bounteous
field,

And hears far off the parting wain,
To whom the lonely furrows yield
Rich armfuls of the golden grain ;

So stand I while the sunset dies,
Nor follow with thy feet away,
Till garnered in my memory lies
Each happy word we spoke to-day.

To-morrow on some neighbour hill
We'll ply the sickle side by side ;
Till then I loiter, gleaming still,
And thou art gone—thy sheaf is tied.

G. B. B.



‘BOW’S.’

Y^E undergrads, for whose sweet sake
We toil, this year of six-and-eighty,
To rear a pile where you may take
Your *otium cum dignitate*,
Look not with lofty scorn on those
Who munched their frugal crust at
‘Bow’s’!

The place is gone, and in its stead
A broad new street sweeps past the
College;
No more its simple wares are spread
To tempt the searcher after knowledge;
And middle-aged, I fear, are those
Who munched their frugal crust at
‘Bow’s.’

Small

Small was the shop, and plain the fare—
You see, we were not flush of dollars ;
You'd laugh at what we used to wear
Before the days of masher collars ;
Yet true and brave were some of those
Who munched their frugal crust at
'Bow's.'

How scattered now ! though they were
then,
If light in purse, as light in spirit,
But some have passed from mortal ken,
And some have seized the palm of merit ;
Some wear the thorn, and some the rose,
Who munched their frugal crust at
'Bow's.'

And, tested thus by blank and prize,
Fate still will show the same odd jumble
Of likely men that fail to rise
And halting steps that never stumble ;
'T will be with you, as 't was with those
Who munched their frugal crust at
'Bow's.'

Yet

Yet not alone is life designed

Renown to win, or wealth to gather ;
There's right to fight for, truth to find,
And work to do for others, rather—
Such were the aims of some of those
Who munched their frugal crust at
'Bow's.'

Unlike, and yet how like withal,

The generations come and vanish !
Forget not, in your stately hall,
The love of ease and ill to banish,
And thus you'll more than rival those
Who munched their frugal crust at
'Bow's.'

D.





Some College Memories.

I AM asked to write something (it is not specifically stated what) to the profit and glory of my *Alma Mater*; and the fact is I seem to be in very nearly the same case with those who addressed me, for while I am willing enough to write something, I know not what to write. Only one point I see, that if I am to write at all, it should be of the
University

Poscimus.

University itself and my own days under its shadow ; of the things that are still the same and of those that are already changed : such talk, in short, as would pass naturally between a student of to-day and one of yesterday, supposing them to meet and grow confidential,

The generations pass away swiftly enough on the high seas of life ; more swiftly still in the little bubbling backwater of the quadrangle ; so that we see there, on a scale startlingly diminished, the flight of time and the succession of men. I looked for my name the other day in last year's case book of the Speculative. Naturally enough I looked for it near the end ; it was not there, nor yet

yet in the next column, so that I began to think it had been dropped at press; and when at last I found it, mounted on the shoulders of so many successors, and looking in that posture like the name of a man of ninety, I was conscious of some of the dignity of years. This kind of dignity of temporal precession is likely, with prolonged life, to become more familiar, possibly less welcome; but I felt it strongly then, it is strongly on me now, and I am the more emboldened to speak with my successors in the tone of a parent and a praiser of things past.

For, indeed, that which they attend is but a fallen University; it has doubtless some remains of good, for human institutions

*Touching
a strange
feature of
University
decline.*

institutions decline by gradual stages ; but decline, in spite of all seeming embellishments, it does ; and what is perhaps more singular, began to do so when I ceased to be a student. Thus, by an odd chance, I had the very last of the very best of *Alma Mater* ; the same thing, I hear (which makes it the more strange) had previously happened to my father ; and if they are good and do not die, something not at all unfamiliar will be found in time to have befallen my successors of to-day. Of the specific points of change, of advantage in the past, of short-coming in the present, I must own that, on a near examination, they look wondrous cloudy. The chief and far the most lamentable

*Of the
most lam-*

able change is the absence of a certain lean, idle, unpopular student, whose presence was for me the gift and heart of the whole matter; whose changing humours, fine occasional purposes of good, flinching acceptance of evil, shiverings on wet, east-windy, morning journeys up to class, infinite yawnings during lecture and unquenchable gusto in the delights of truancy, made up the sunshine and shadow of my college life. You cannot fancy what you missed in missing him; his virtues, I make sure, are inconceivable to his successors, just as they were apparently concealed from his contemporaries, for I was practically alone in the pleasure I had in his society. Poor soul,
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*entable
change
for the
author.*

*The ugly
student*

*and his
virtues.*

I remember how much he was cast down at times, and how life (which had not yet begun) seemed to be already at an end, and hope quite dead, and misfortune and dishonour, like physical presences, dogging him as he went. And it may be worth while to add that these clouds rolled away in their season, and that all clouds roll away at last, and the troubles of youth in particular are things but of a moment. So this student, whom I have in my eye, took his full share of these concerns and that very largely by his own fault ; but he still clung to his fortune, and in the midst of much misconduct, kept on in his own way learning how to work ; and at last, to his wonder, escaped out of
of

of the stage of studentship not openly shamed; leaving behind him the University of Edinburgh shorn of a good deal of its interest for myself.

But while he is (in more senses than one) the first person, he is by no means the only one whom I regret, or whom the students of to-day, if they knew what they had lost, would regret also. They have still Tait, to be sure—long may they have him!—and they have still Tait's class-room, cupola and all; but think of what a different place it was when this youth of mine (at least on roll days) would be present on the benches, and at the near end of the platform, Lindsay senior was airing his robust old age..

*Other
regrets.*

*Of the
elder
Lindsay:*

It

his reminiscences.

It is possible my successors may have never even heard of Old Lindsay ; but when he went, a link snapped with the last century. He had something of a rustic air, sturdy and fresh and plain ; he spoke with a ripe east-country accent, which I used to admire ; his reminiscences were all of journeys on foot or highways busy with post-chaifes—a Scotland before steam ; he had seen the coal fire on the Isle of May, and he regaled me with tales of my own grandfather. Thus he was for me a mirror of things perished ; it was only in his memory that I could see the huge shock of flames of the May beacon stream to leeward, and the watchers, as they fed the fire, lay hold unscorched of

of the windward bars of the furnace ; it was only thus that I could see my grandfather driving swiftly in a gig along the seaboard road from Pittenweem to Crail, and for all his business hurry, drawing up to speak good-humouredly with those he met. And now, in his turn, Lindsay is gone also ; inhabits only the memories of other men, till these shall follow him ; and figures in my reminiscences as my grandfather figured in his.

To-day, again, they have Professor Butcher, and I hear he has a prodigious deal of Greek ; and they have Professor Chrystal, who is a man filled with the mathematics. And doubtless there are set-offs. But they cannot change the fact

*Of the
late Pro-
fessor
Kelland:*

*his kindli-
ness,*

fact that Professor Blackie has retired, and that Professor Kelland is dead. No man's education is complete or truly liberal, who knew not Kelland. There were unutterable lessons in the mere sight of that frail old clerical gentleman, lively as a boy, kind like a fairy godfather, and keeping perfect order in his class by the spell of that very kindness. I have heard him drift into reminiscences in class time, though not for long, and give us glimpses of old-world life in out-of-the-way English parishes when he was young; thus playing the same part as Lindsay—the part of the surviving memory, signalling out of the dark backward and abyss of time the images of perished

perished things. But it was a part that scarce became him ; he somehow lacked the means : for all his silver hair and worn face, he was not truly old ; and he had too much of the unrest and petulant fire of youth, and too much invincible innocence of mind, to play the veteran well. The time to measure him best, to taste (in the old phrase) his gracious nature, was when he received his class at home. What a pretty simplicity would he then show, trying to amuse us like children with toys ; and what an engaging nervousness of manner, as fearing that his efforts might not succeed ! Truly he made us all feel like children, and like children embarrassed, but at the same time

*and his
gracious
nature.*

time filled with sympathy for the conscientious, troubled elder-boy who was working so hard to entertain us. A theorist has held the view that there is no feature in man so tell-tale as his spectacles; that the mouth may be compressed and the brow smoothed artificially, but the sheen of the barnacles is diagnostic. And truly it must have been thus with Kelland; for as I still fancy I behold him frisking actively about the platform, pointer in hand, that which I seem to see most clearly is the way his glasses glittered with affection. I never knew but one other man who had (if you will permit the phrase) so kind a spectacle; and that was Doctor Appleton. But the light in his

his case was tempered and passive ; in Kelland's it danced, and changed, and flashed vivaciously among the students, like a perpetual challenge to goodwill.

I cannot say so much about Professor Blackie, for a good reason. Kelland's class I attended, once even gained there a certificate of merit, the only distinction of my University career. But although I am the holder of a certificate of attendance in the Professor's own hand, I cannot remember to have been present in the Greek class above a dozen times. Professor Blackie was even kind enough to remark (more than once) while in the very act of writing the document above referred to, that he did not know my face. Indeed,

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*Of the
Emeritus
Professor
Blackie.*

*Touching
the au-
thor's at-
tendance
at the
Greek
class.*

I denied myself many opportunities ; acting upon an extensive and highly rational system of truancy, which cost me a great deal of trouble to put in exercise—perhaps as much as would have taught me Greek—and sent me forth into the world and the profession of letters with the merest shadow of an education. But they say it is always a good thing to have taken pains, and that success is its own reward, whatever be its nature ; so that, perhaps, even upon this I should plume myself, that no one ever played the truant with more deliberate care and none ever had more certificates for less education. One consequence, however, of my system is that I have much less to say
of

of Professor Blackie than I had of Professor Kelland ; and as he is still alive, and will long, I hope, continue to be so, it will not surprise you very much that I have no intention of saying it.

Meanwhile, how many others have gone—Jenkin, Hodgson, and I know not who besides ; and of that tide of students that used to throng the arch and blacken the quadrangle, how many are scattered into the remotest parts of the earth, and how many more have lain down beside their fathers in their ‘resting-graves’ ! And again, how many of these last have not found their way there, all too early, through the stress of education ! That was one thing, at least, from which my truancy protected me. I am
forry

Of the many others who have gone.

The stress of education.

*Sordid
tragedies
in student
life.*

*A moral
for these
'College
Memo-
ries'—
Another
figure
recalled.*

forry indeed that I have no Greek, but I should be forrier still if I were dead; nor do I know the name of that branch of knowledge which is worth acquiring at the price of a brain fever. There are many fordid tragedies in the life of the student, above all if he be poor, or drunken, or both; but nothing more moves a wise man's pity than the case of the lad who is in too much hurry to be learned. And so, for the sake of a moral at the end, I will call up one more figure, and have done. A student, ambitious of success by that hot, intemperate manner of study that now grows so common, read night and day for an examination. As he went on, the task became
more



more easy to him, sleep was more easily banished, his brain grew hot and clear and more capacious, the necessary knowledge daily fuller and more orderly. It came to the eve of the trial and he watched all night in his high chamber, reviewing what he knew and already secure of success. His window looked eastward, and being (as I said) high up, and the house itself standing on a hill, commanded a view over dwindling suburbs to a country horizon. At last my student drew up his blind, and still in quite a jocund humour, looked abroad. Day was breaking, the east was tinging with strange fires, the clouds breaking up for the coming of the sun; and at the sight, nameless terror

A sad story.

terror seized upon his mind. He was sane, his senses were undisturbed; he saw clearly, and knew what he was seeing, and knew that it was normal; but he could neither bear to see it nor find strength to look away, and fled in panic from his chamber into the enclosure of the street. In the cool air and silence and among the sleeping houses, his strength was renewed. Nothing troubled him but the memory of what had passed and an abject fear of its return.

Gallo canente, spes redit,
Aegris salus refunditur,
Lapsis fides revertitur,

as they sang of old in Portugal
in the Morning Office. But
to him that good hour of
cockcrow, and the changes of
the

the dawn, had brought panic, and lasting doubt, and such terror as he still shook to think of. He dared not return to his lodging ; he could not eat ; he sat down, he rose up, he wandered ; the city woke about him with its cheerful bustle, the sun climbed overhead ; and still he grew but the more absorbed in the distress of his recollection and the fear of his past fear. At the appointed hour, he came to the door of the place of examination ; but when he was asked, he had forgotten his name. Seeing him so disordered, they had not the heart to send him away, but gave him a paper and admitted him, still nameless, to the Hall. Vain kindness, vain efforts. He could only sit

fit in a still growing horror, writing nothing, ignorant of all, his mind filled with a single memory of the breaking day and his own intolerable fear. And that same night he was tossing in a brain fever.

*The moral
applied.*

People are afraid of war and wounds and dentists, all with excellent reason; but these are not to be compared with such chaotic terrors of the mind as fell on this young man, and made him cover his eyes from the innocent morning. We all have by our bedsides the box of the Merchant Abudah, thank God, securely enough shut; but when a young man sacrifices sleep to labour, let him have a care, for he is playing with the lock.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



Sight in her vision here as holy Sleep.

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